

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1894.

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"WAIT A MINUTE."

(From the painting by A. J. ELASLEY.)

ONCE A WEEK

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PETER FENELON COLLIER,

No. 522 West 13th Street, New York.

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ALL AMONG OURSELVES

CAN wars be prevented? Can the rivalries between nations and the thousand and one disputes constantly arising between them be adjusted without a resort to arms and the consequent destruction of life and property inseparable from such international collisions?

Is it not strange that such a question should be necessary in an age which boasts of its progress in civilization while yet it clings to war—the most barbarous of all the ancient customs? It is easy to understand how, in primitive ages, the more or less savage tribes could find no other method to settle disputes than by violence. But during all the subsequent centuries, from Adam to William II. of Germany, one would think some less barbarous mode would have been hit upon.

I AM led to these reflections by the cabled reports about the latest invention of M. Turpin, whose melinite, some time ago, caused such a sensation in Europe. This latest child of the Turpin brain is called "the electric chariot," being, in fact, an electrical mitrailleuse, capable of firing, automatically, twenty-five thousand bullets. M. Turpin first offered the invention to his own country—France—but received such rebuffs that he opened negotiations with Germany, which ended in the purchase of his secret for five million francs. M. Turpin is reported to have written from Brussels to a fellow-countryman in Paris: "In eight months you will have war, and in ten months there will no longer be any France." That's it precisely. Man's ingenuity, fostered by government patronage, is devoted to the contrivance of means whereby war may be made more and more destructive as time advances. Armaments are becoming more and more extensive, the size of armies larger and larger, and the consequent national debts so enormous that nearly all the European governments are staggering under the load.

The distinguished French statesman, Jules Simon, in a very timely article in the *Contemporary Review*, calls the world's attention to the disastrous consequences of this perpetual armament, and proposes a truce of God, to last from now until the opening of the twentieth century. M. Simon's cry is the very opposite of the old saying: "In time of peace prepare for war." He says, in time of peace prepare for peace. *Si vis pacem parate pacem.* The first step to this end, he contends, is a shortening of the term of military service to one year, instead of three, and he advocates an international conference to bring about this general reduction in all the armies of Europe. Here is the Simon idea, in a few words:

"The formula is clear and simple, and cannot give rise to two interpretations. It could be easily and promptly put in execution. In a year's time the whole thing would be done. The relative position of each Power would remain just what it was before, as the change would apply equally to all, in accordance with the same formula. The economic result would be enormous. We could not, indeed, count on a reduction of two-thirds of the expenditure, on account of fortresses, military works of various kinds, stores, and special corps; but we may confidently reckon on a diminution by half. It would be salvation! We should get back, little by little, to

the expenditure of the years before the war; and the budget, already reduced by half, might still be subjected to reductions in other particulars."

IT is, let us hope, a good sign that men like Simon approach seriously the subject of general disarmament, and that grave magazines are discussing it with force. Says the *Review of Reviews*:

"Six years still remain to the present century. Why should the Powers not agree among themselves not to allow their military and naval budgets to pass beyond the present limit? No one can complain that they are inadequate. Europe is annually paying many millions more than sufficed five years ago. Why could we not agree that the present limit should be regarded as a maximum beyond which no Power should go? This question, which has been exercising the minds of emperors and statesmen, seems likely to be taken up by the masses of the people, and preparations are being made to evoke a popular expression of opinion in this country from the English democracy. All other questions sink into comparative insignificance compared with this immense problem of checking the automatic growth of the cost of the armies and navies of Europe. The whole social question is bound up in it. Were it possible for the great Powers not merely to agree to arrest the growth of their military and naval expenditure, but to reduce it all round, say by ten or twenty per cent, there would be liberated a fund available for the purposes of social improvement which would in the course of a few years transform the whole social position. At present everything is blocked because there is no cash. Ministers and emperors are at their wits' end endeavoring to choke the deficit that yawns on every side. All schemes of social improvement which require money for their success—and every scheme requires money—are checked because of the tribute which the War God levies upon the exchequers of the world. If once the idea were to obtain hold of the popular mind of Europe that a maximum had been reached, and that all efforts should be concentrated upon a reduction of warlike expenditure, a fund might be secured with which much might be done."

ONE of the comic weeklies publishes a capital cartoon about the newspaper coupon craze, which presents in a striking, if exaggerated, form the tendency of daily journalism to swallow up in its capacious maw all branches of business. The cartoon exhibits the office of "The Daily Blower, the great coupon supply paper," with nine-tenths of its space devoted to departments for liquor, gents' furnishings, gloves, millinery, furniture, silks and satins, groceries, confectionery, dressmaking, etc., etc. Crowds of men and women are besieging the various departments, realizing on their coupons. Well, the fancy of the artist, perhaps, only anticipates what will happen in a few years. The custom introduced lately by some of the daily papers of offering premiums to readers and subscribers on certain conditions is really abhorrent to true journalism. Its aim is to attract readers, not for the news a paper contains, or for its excellence as a journal *per se*, but for the promised returns in dry-goods, groceries, clothing or other articles that ought to be procured from other establishments whose main business is their supply. Necessarily the tendency is to encourage a low order of journalism. To astonish the world by a great *coup* such as discovering Livingstone by a Stanley or sending an expedition to the Pole is altogether legitimate. The world at large is benefited by such enterprise, and no harm is done to anybody. But the other is a mean encroachment upon the vested rights of others, whose whole capital is risked in legitimate business. It is a petty meddling with the rights of others. In short, it is something quite unworthy of journalists and journalism. There is such a thing as too much progress. Then it becomes retrogression.

MR. MATTHEW HALE, in the current number of the *Forum*, presents a number of reasons why, in his judgment, the right of suffrage should not be conferred upon women in this State. It strikes me that the same reasons have been presented before without carrying conviction to the unprejudiced mind. In the first place, it is no more a question in the case of women than in the case of men whether the State would be benefited by the change. Whenever any attempt has been made to extend the right of suffrage to larger bodies of men that same old objection has been raised always, and if it had been regarded seriously the number of voters would be as small here as in some of the Old World States. Nor is it fair in Mr. Hale to try to frighten people away from the merits of the question by talking of the danger lurking in the scheme of doubling the number of voters, or by talking of the increased consequent expense to the State. The only point for serious men to consider is whether it is a right that women may justly claim. If it is, then, as Mr. Bumble might have said, "hang the hounds." Women should get what they have a just claim to without regard to the increased expense to the treasury.

THAT the State of New York has passed many laws removing disabilities existing under the old common law—that it has done much to protect women in their property rights and to throw around them all proper safeguards, furnishes no argument against conferring upon them the right to vote. It is equally no argument to point out, as Mr. Hale tries to do, that the right to vote is by no means a natural right even for men. It would be more to the point to show in some convincing manner, and not by mere sophistry, why it should be denied to women and not to men. Mr. Hale fails to do it. Suppose a learned man, like Mr. Hale, should write a letter to the *Forum* advocating the abolition of suffrage even for men on the ground that from thirty to fifty thousand male voters in this city sell their votes regularly every year—yes, and repeat their votes when-

ever practicable. Wouldn't his argument be considered flimsy? Wouldn't he be regarded as crazy? And yet Mr. Hale's strongest point is similar in its nature. He declares that the thirty or fifty thousand disreputable women of this city would be sure to sell their votes, and therefore that *all* women should be excluded from the suffrage. Does not Mr. Hale see that such disreputable women could be excluded by our laws, just as convicts, idiots and Infilis are excluded. If there is any lesson to be learned from his statement it is that all disreputable classes, male or female, should be excluded so far as practicable, and it would be just as practicable in the case of men as of women.

As for the physical disabilities to which women are sometimes subjected, and to which Mr. Hale vaguely refers, it is enough to state that measures could be provided whereby the votes of such women could be obtained, if desirable. But, in point of fact, such measures never would be really necessary. No laws could be framed to meet every conceivable emergency, and it is only trifling with a great question to raise conjectural difficulties as solid reasons for or against female suffrage. It is strange that Mr. Hale has not tried to establish some of his points against female suffrage by referring to the actual results in such States as have already granted suffrage to women. So far as I know, there is no warrant for Mr. Hale's assertions that, to double the existing number of voters by conferring suffrage upon women would also double registration frauds, bribery and corruption, and "drag down angels," instead of "raising mortals to the skies."

MR. HALE omitted to dwell upon one point, which he might have presented with some force. It is that, since the beginning of time, womankind seems to have been excluded from direct participation in the business of government, and that it may be a dangerous experiment to disturb a condition that has lasted through so many centuries. One is apt to think that what has had the tacit sanction of so many ages must have a divine origin which mere laws are not likely to alter materially. Still, it must be admitted that time can never sanction what in its nature can be proved to be wrong. As an example, take war, which has always existed, and which seldom is excusable.

APROPOS of this subject, Karl Pearson, in a thoughtful article on "Women and Labor," discusses, incidentally, what may result from the "emancipation" of the female sex. It is worth while to quote from Mr. Pearson's article:

"The home, whether we approve it or no, has ceased forever to be the sole field of woman's activity. Will woman be content with 'equality of opportunity'? We cannot for one moment believe it, when once she has recognized the power organization can confer upon her. Equality of opportunity can only help a picked class, and only the picked women of this class, unless they all forego instincts which, taken from every side at once, are as strong in them as in men. Rather, the woman of the future will demand such conditions for her labor as shall practically handicap the competition of the unmarried with the married woman, and of man with woman. The justification for this will not be sought in chivalry toward the 'weaker'; it will not be looked upon as furthering the interests of one class at the expense of another; it will be simply based upon the recognition that woman's child-bearing activity is essentially part of her contribution to social needs; that it ought to be acknowledged as such by the State; that the conditions under which it is undertaken shall be as favorable as possible, and that *pro tanto* it shall be treated as part of woman's work for society at large."

THE printers have erected a statue to the great journalist, Horace Greeley, in the little inclosed triangular plot fronting the Union Dime Savings Bank, at the junction of Broadway, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-third Street. The idea is suggested by the *Journalist* that a statue in honor of the first Bennett, founder of the *Herald*, should be placed in Herald Square, where William E. Dodge's monument is now placed. It is a good suggestion, but is it necessary to remove the little monument which filial piety and affection placed there? Would it not be well, too, while honoring one who deserves so much recognition as the elder Bennett to honor other great journalists also? There is the late Henry W. Raymond, Thurlow Weed, William Cullen Bryant, and a few others who might be named. Why not group them all in one great monument, or in several, as might be deemed best, and place them in front of the new *Herald* Building, as the *Journalist* suggests? It is a good site, will always be central, and the compliment is due to the *Herald*. Then Bennett No. 2 might put another story on his Venetian Palace, and give it really an imposing presence.

How queer it is to Americans to read in the *Pall Mall Magazine* that the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, England's Ambassador to Paris, now fills the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, an office created by Edward the Confessor analogous to that established for the defense of the British coasts during the Roman domination. Of course, there is no longer any practical utility attaching to the post; but it remains, like many other ancient British institutions, long after its usefulness has ceased, as a reminder of the extremely conservative streak in the British character. One of the earliest of the wardens was Harold, last of the Saxon kings, who fell at Hastings. Pitt, Wellington, Dalhousie, Palmerston, Granville and the late W. H.

Smith were among Dufferin's most distinguished predecessors as wardens. Pitt received £4,280 as Lord Warden, besides divers perquisites from the sale of lost anchors, cables and other jetsam. Now the use of Walmer Castle as a residence and the meagre perquisites remaining are the only compensation to the incumbent. The castle was built in the time of Henry VIII., and much of it remains just as in the exciting days "when its battlements were crowded with men-at-arms on the lookout for the Armada." Wellington died in the castle, where many relics of the Iron Duke are preserved, thanks to the patriotism of Mr. W. H. Smith, who also died there not long ago. These queer old places have much interest for the student, and the *Pall Mall Magazine* does well to describe them. The average Englishman knows as little of their existence as the American.

* * *

SENATOR GORMAN of Maryland was very ill at his residence, at Laurel, at last accounts; overwork supposed to be the cause. Too much tariff tinkering, no doubt.

* * *

WHAT does the New York *Herald* mean, anyhow, by stating that our venerable, respectable and always readable contemporary, *Harper's Weekly*, is "a decaying sheet"? When the *Herald* moved to its new quarters *Harper's Weekly* published a most flattering notice of its proprietor and his Venetian newspaper edifice—in fact, gave both a nicer send-off than any other paper in the country. It savors of rank ingratitude to hit back at *Harper's* with such unfriendly language. "Decaying sheet," "without influence," and changing "its politics to try and make money," strikes one as "characteristically silly." And, after all, is not *Harper's Weekly* right? If not, then the official investigation by the Grand Jury has been a farce; for their report, made last Friday, declared that there was no evidence before them "showing any mal-administration on the part of the asylum officials," that "in the main the asylum appears to be properly and well conducted," and "that the physicians are earnest and considerate in the performance of their duties, and the treatment of the patients is marked with kindness." That is a very comprehensive denial of all the charges made by the *Herald*, except that inadequate accommodations exist owing to neglect of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to supply the required means.

* * *

PRINCE ITURBIDE, the chosen heir of Maximilian had he lived, has contributed a well-written article to the *North American Review* devoted to a criticism of the administration of President Diaz. Iturbide is the most prominent of the leaders of the opposition to the present republic of Mexico, and his assertions must be taken with a liberal sprinkling of saline matter. He fails to show what would come were Diaz overthrown, of which, to outsiders, at least, there is not the faintest semblance of probability just now. If Prince Iturbide dreams of a re-establishment of the Empire, with Iturbide II. at its head, he had better waken up at once. They will never tolerate imperialism over the border again. If, on the contrary, he is possessed of the laudable ambition to be the President, chosen by the Opposition, all right; nobody but his personal opponents will object, and many here as well as over the border will wish him God-speed. Healthy opposition is good for all governments.

* * *

IN New Zealand the Government has charge of almost all large operations, such as roads, bridges, asylums, hospitals, railways, telegraphs, telephones, life insurance, savings banks, and supplying work to the unemployed. The experiment is said to work very successfully, giving Government fair profits, while public works are run on the co-operative system, by which the earnings are divided among the workers without the interposition of contractors. This is practical Nationalism, and is worth watching and imitation should the results continue to be favorable.

* * *

IN West Africa they have what is called "sleeping sickness," for want of a better name. It attacks people of all ages, but most commonly those between twelve and twenty years old. A drowsiness steals over the victims, their eyes droop while at work, and gradually, day after day, sleep overcomes them more and more strongly until a permanent lethargic condition is reached. After about a year, victims, being unable to take food, waste away to the condition of skeletons and die.

* * *

IT has been discovered that type-writing from stenographic notes is injurious to the eyes, in consequence of the great muscular effort rendered necessary by the constant glancing back and forth from keyboard to notes.

* * *

MADAME AIMEE RAPIN is the latest armless wonder. She has a studio in London, and paints portraits to perfection. One of her portraits—that of Princess May—is said to have created a genuine sensation.

* * *

THE United States Senate has undertaken to look into the charges of attempted bribery of Senators in connection with the tariff bill, and also into the charges

that the sugar schedule and other parts of the bill were changed in the interests of the Trusts. Certain newspaper men at Washington went so far as to make their statements definite enough to demand explanations and authorities for the same. If the boys get a good advertisement out of it all for the home office they will feel better, and nobody very high up will be arrested or impeached, even though one of the names "mentioned" is that of the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Butt, whom the investigating committee reported as guilty of attempting to bribe two Senators, had not been arrested up to the time of going to press, and did not seem afraid that he would be. He continued to haunt the lobbies several days after the so-called "finding" against him. Still, the admissions made by some of the Senators are, to say the least, rather peculiar, and little calculated to raise them in public estimation. In the meantime, business is badly demoralized, Uncle Sam is losing millions of dollars of revenue, and nobody seems to know what kind of a tariff we are going to get, and what it will do for the country after we get it.

* * *

IN a published interview a few weeks since Mr. Chauncey Depew stated that the coal operators throughout the country were only too anxious to have all mining operations suspended (as they were selling coal at a loss) in order to get rid of their surplus stocks during the business prostration. On the other hand, it is announced that many of the great coal-users, including the New York Central itself, are threatened with lack of fuel owing to the strike. The striking miners say they cannot make a living on the present scale of wages. Is it possible that mine-owners and operators are trying to make a little extra money out of the necessities of the unemployed? I hope and trust that there is some other acceptable explanation.

* * *

THERE can be no doubt that there is a spirit of lawlessness in the air as well as a lowering industrial sky. The employer and the employé cannot safely be allowed to fight out the question of wages and conditions much longer among themselves. Joint-stock labor unions will solve the problem. Such a corporation of organized labor would be able to hold its own against starvation wages, while at the same time this kind of organized labor would be responsible in the courts for all its acts. There is food for thought just now in this simple proposition.

* * *

ONE of the comic papers, commenting on the fact that the young German Emperor had a tumor removed from his cheek last Friday, observes that "he had too much cheek anyhow." Mem. for *Fliegende Blätter*.

* * *

PRINCESS FREDERICK CHARLES of Prussia, widow of the cavalry general who received the capitulation of Metz, in 1870, has become Catholic. She is a niece of the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt, who also abjured the Lutheran faith and were received into the Catholic fold by Cardinal Quelen, Archbishop of Paris.

* * *

Is somebody preparing a serious trouble for England and the United States in connection with Hawaii? The latest news says that President Dole, having learned of England's intention to seize Neckar Island—about four hundred miles west-northwest of Honolulu—as a coaling station, dispatched a steamer there in great haste to plant the Hawaiian flag before the Britishers could get there. But what if the Britishers don't pay any attention to President Dole's priority? Will Uncle Sam back up the Doleful Party? Guess not; but let's wait and see.

* * *

ADMIRAL ERBEN, CAPTAIN MAHAN and all the officers of the *Chicago* were presented to the Prince of Wales last Monday, at St. James's Palace, and treated with the greatest honor. The Prince held a levee in the Queen's name, and the reception of the *Chicago* officers is said to have been by special request of His Royal Highness, who had previously made known to Ambassador Bayard how pleased he would be to make their acquaintance. They attended in full uniform, chaperoned—if such a term may be used—by the august Ambassador, who had previously put them, so to speak, through a preliminary drill at the United States Legation. Well, well, well, what next?

* * *

SENATOR DAVID B. HILL of this State is wrenching praise from his most unwilling enemies by his courageous stand about the Sugar Trust tariff tinkering. His demand that the investigations of the alleged corrupt influence exerted on the Senate by agents of the Sugar Trust be conducted openly meets with general applause. It makes no matter whether his brother Senators jeer or sneer at him. He is earning the respect and confidence of the whole country.

* * *

THE great miners' strike in Colorado is just about to develop into a civil war; and, at the same time, fifteen companies of militia are in the Indiana coal-fields to disperse the striking miners.

* * *

As I pointed out in these columns two years ago, there is a vital difference between the civil law and the martial law in settling labor disputes. The latter is dangerous, to the last degree. The usual custom is to allow

rioting, more or less destructive, for a while, after which the militia is called out because the sheriff's posse cannot keep order. Is not this, after all, very ridiculous? You will say, of course, that it is the only thing to do. Perhaps you will go further and say that the rioting strikers should be arrested or put down by the militia right in the beginning. Now, there you are right. The strike is in itself, and in practice, a lawless act. We all know that a strike means not only quitting work, but preventing other workmen from going to work.

* * *

THEN, is not this a free country? Does *ONCE A WEEK*, believing in organized labor, deny the right of workmen to strike? Does this journal favor a law declaring against the strike altogether, thus leaving workmen at the mercy of every tyrannical employer? This journal favors the total abolition of the present ruinous method of settling industrial troubles. Coal operators and their employés must not be allowed to settle disputes between themselves! They have no more right to take the law into their own hands than anybody else. Four hundred thousand miners on one side and the mine-owners and lessees of all the coal mines in eight or ten great States are two armies that cannot safely be let loose at one another in the piping times of peace.

* * *

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION is needed at once in every State, or by Federal enactment. When capital and organized labor work while under that system the labor unions and all who are interested in fair play will see at once the necessity of the Joint-Stock Labor Union that this journal favors, and expects to see before the end of the century.

* * *

AT a tenement-house fire in the Jewish district in this city, June 3, a young girl, Rachel Fassner, met an awful death by jumping from the cornice of the building, striking on her face upon the sidewalk. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the poet-editor of the *Century Magazine*, was present at the fire in fireman's waterproof. He is head of the Tenement-House Committee, and was present to see for himself what a tenement-house is like in case of such accidents. On this occasion several were injured, besides the unfortunate victim; and the same thing—perhaps worse—must happen in a thousand places in New York under the same circumstances.

* * *

EUROPE is once more under a war cloud that came up from the African horizon. France and Germany are displeased with the action of Belgium and the Congo Free State in granting just enough land to Great Britain to give our cousins a clear track from Egypt to the British possessions in South Africa.

RAPID-FIRING TESTS.

At the invitation of the Government, a representative of *ONCE A WEEK* went down to the Sandy Hook Proving Ground on the 2d inst. and witnessed the testing for rapid-fire of five six-pounders and one three-pounder. The pieces were the Driggs-Schroeder, the Maxim-Nordenfeldt, the Sponzel, the Hotchkiss and the Skoda. The last was the three-pounder.

During the firing the Driggs-Schroeder gun was served by three men; the other guns were each served by four men. The tests resulted as follows:

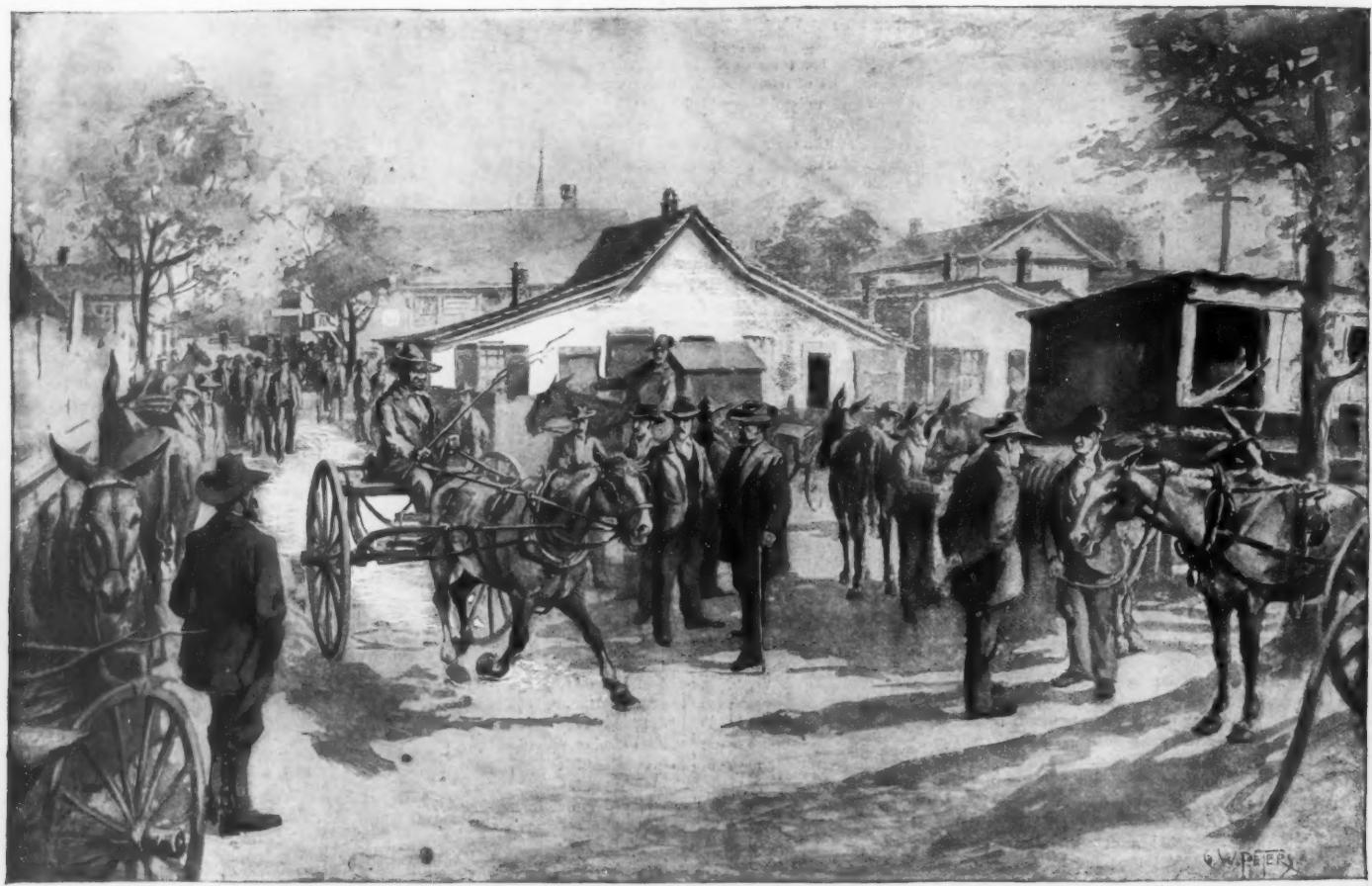
DRIIGGS-SCHROEDER GUN.	
Total number of rounds fired in three minutes	88
Number fired in the first minute	34
Time in changing mechanism	2m. 43s.
HOTCHKISS GUN.	
Total number of rounds fired in three minutes	81
Number fired in the first minute	28
Time in changing mechanism	1m. 37 2-5s.
SPONZEL GUN.	
Total number of rounds fired in three minutes	73
Number fired in the first minute	24
Mechanism not changed because representative of gun was not present.	
MAXIM-NORDENFELDT GUN.	
Total number of rounds fired in three minutes	65
Number fired in the first minute	20
Time in changing mechanism	3m. 33 3-5s.
SKODA GUN (FOR EXHIBITION ONLY).	
Total number of rounds fired in three minutes	55
Number fired in first minute	24
Time in changing mechanism	3m. 2-5s.

In the final test of the number of rounds fired in five seconds the Driggs-Schroeder gun again distanced its competitors by thrice discharging three shots with a fourth round in the chamber on the last round. The other guns fell slightly behind this record.

The Driggs-Schroeder and Hotchkiss guns are of American invention, the statement of the *Herald* to the contrary notwithstanding. It is true that the Hotchkiss factory is at St. Denis, France; but it is owned and managed by Americans.

GREAT FLOODS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

DISPATCHES from Vancouver, B. C., state that the entire Fraser Valley is reported to be inundated for a stretch of one hundred miles. The Fraser River has risen six inches higher than during the floods of '82, with a consequent smashing of Hazelton, Matsqui and Langley dikes. Torrents of roaring water are sweeping through the valley, bearing away fences, bridges, outhouses and live stock of every description. Steamers are running through the district lately covered with prosperous farms rescuing settlers from house-tops, small boats and improvised rafts. In Westminster City the town is navigated by boats, and water is rippling up to the store doors in Front Street. The Siwash Indian settlement and Chinatown is under water. All the mills and factories are closed down. Persons in West End are living in the top stories of houses. From Chilliwack town comes a cry for relief. Many families are camping in boats, and steamers are mooring alongside the top story doors of the Hudson's Bay Company's warehouse.



SCENE AT A HORSE EXCHANGE, AIKEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

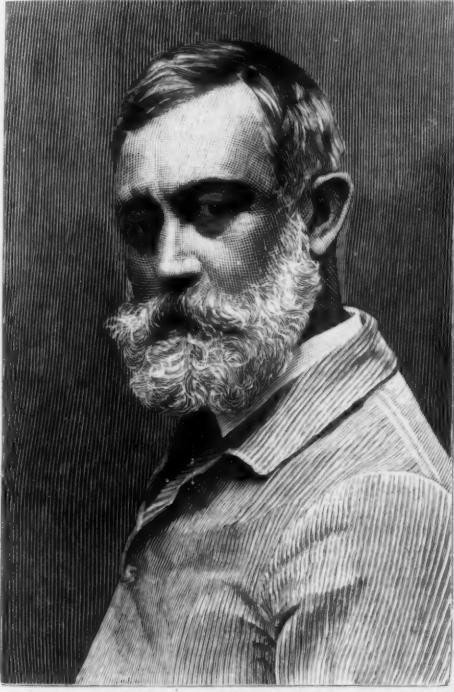
TAKING OUT LICENSES FOR DOGS AT THE OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.
(See page 7.)



AMERICAN SCULPTORS
BY L. VITAL BOY

THE art of sculpture in this country was given a tremendous impetus by that grandest of all grand expositions, the World's Fair. The American statuary exhibited compared favorably with the best productions of contemporary European sculptors, and one of the many lessons learned there was a fuller appreciation of the achievements of our countrymen in this branch of art. It is no exaggeration to state that a million dollars' worth of orders have been given for statuary in the United States during the past year, and national sculpture has never been on so firm a basis as at the present time.

Prominent among the guild in New York is Jonathan Scott Hartley, whose success is richly deserved. He is forty-eight years old, and was born in England, but began the study of sculpture under E. D. Palmer, at Albany, N. Y. Europe, with its countless museums and galleries, its ancient cathedrals and historic palaces, enriched with the treasures of centuries, offers a better field for the study of art than our own newer country, and Mr. Hartley spent several fruitful years abroad after completing his studies with Mr. Palmer. His success



WILLIAM RUDOLPH O'DONOVAN.

has been pronounced, and he must needs work incessantly to fill the orders which it has brought him. Among his best works are the heroic bronze Pilgrim, in New England; the Ericsson, which created international attention at the time of its erection in New York a year ago, and for which he received ten thousand dollars, and statues of Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Ada Rehan.

A stone's throw from the pleasant studio of Daniel C. French, described in the sketch published last week, is that of Elwin Elwell, the blonde-haired, blonde-bearded author of Dickens and Little Nell, which attracted so much attention at the World's Fair. This production, and a life-size marble group of Diana and The Lion, were both awarded medals. Mr. Elwell was born in this country, and is one of the youngest successful sculptors, being only thirty-four years old. He enjoys the reputation of being the most eccentric, and the sabots which he learned to wear abroad are an essential part of his working attire. He began life in a hardware store; but art soon lured him from so prosaic a path, and he became her votary. Like the more famous Augustus St. Gaudens, he received his first commission through John Quincy Adams Ward, the foremost American sculptor. This order was given to him while he was abroad, in 1886, and was for a burial monument at Edam, Holland. Mr. Elwell is an enthusiast, confident and energetic. He is at present working on an equestrian statue.

Art finds inspiration in change of environment, and most of her votaries must either succumb to or battle against nomadic tendencies. The Italian, Turini, has chosen the easier course, and domiciled himself on Staten Island. Yet his best work has been in the sculptural delineation of the heroes of his native land. The most widely known of his productions are the colossal bust of Mazzini, in Central Park, and the bronze Garibaldi, which stands within a hundred yards of Ward's bust of Holley, in Washington Square, New York.



JONATHAN SCOTT HARTLEY AT WORK.

E. C. Potter is best known in the sculptural world by his life-size marble statue of A Sleeping Child and Rabbit. This was exhibited at the World's Fair, where his artistic talent was extensively utilized for decorative purposes by the managers. Mr. Potter is not one of the prolific workers. He resides at Perth Amboy, and, like



EDWIN ELWELL IN HIS STUDIO.

nearly all the subjects mentioned in this series of articles, is a member of the National Sculptors' Society.

Alexander Coles is at present among the non-resident members of the above society, as he closed his New York studio and sailed for Europe early in the stormy month of March. The cleverest work he has accomplished has been in bass-relief bronze portraiture.



STUDIO OF JONATHAN SCOTT HARTLEY.

The name of Louis St. Gaudens has been overshadowed by the fame of his brother, Augustus, who stands high up in the vanguard of American sculptors. He has also been heavily handicapped by lack of ambition. That he possesses talent of a good order is evidenced in his bronze Faun.

The statue of Morse, which occupies a conspicuous position at the Inventors' Gate of Central Park, is the work of Byron M. Pickett, whose small ideals were popular a few years ago. He is among the older sculptors now, and has retired from the active prosecution of his art.

In a former sketch I stated that Ohio might appropriately be styled the Mother of Sculptors. Alexander Doyle of Steubenville, in that State, is but little over thirty, and has done more public work than any other man of his years. His best production was in the execution of a Southern commission, the elaborate statue of Robert E. Lee, in New Orleans.

The Virginian, William Rudolph O'Donovan, is best known in the world of art by his statue of Washington, which was executed for the Trenton Monument. Another of his most creditable productions is the statue of John Hughes, erected at St. John's College, in Fordham, N. Y. Mr. O'Donovan is a member of the National Sculptors' Society, and is one of the half-dozen members of the guild who reside at Perth Amboy.

Ed Valentine, another Virginian, is again in Europe, where he spent a portion of his boyhood thirty years ago. He was born in Richmond. His works are not numerous. The best is probably one erected in his native city, the statue of John Breckinridge of Kentucky.

Among the several pupils of E. D. Palmer who have attained success is Charles Calverly. He is an earnest, serious worker, and has produced a number of excel-



AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

lent busts. His best known production, however, is the statue of Robert Burns, executed for the city of Albany, where he began the study of sculpture. Mr. Calverly is about fifty years old, and is a prominent member of the National Sculptors' Society.

Among the members of the society named who are at present working in the French capital are Douglas Tilden and Paul Bartlett, both clever producers in bronze. The best known work of the latter is the Bear Tamer, and Mr. Tilden's Base-Ball Pitcher is a creditable production.

The decorative genius of four nations is represented on as many of the massive bronze doors of Trinity. In a preceding article I have cited those sculptured by the Austrian, Karl Bitter; the Frenchman, Phillip Martini, and the American, Niehaus; but there is yet another well worthy of mention wrought by the Scotchman, J. Massey Rhind. Some of his best efforts have been spent on the minute representatives of those Biblical characters who lived and died, suffered or persecuted, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, when the Saviour walked on earth. Mr. Rhind is well up in the thirties. He studied in England, and has been in this country for eight years. He is the sculptor of the King Fountain in Albany, which is probably his best known public work.

Theodore Bauer is a German past the meridian of life, and has resided in this country since his boyhood. He, too, has spent the larger portion of his time on decorative work, and was one of the several Goths whose talents were utilized on the grounds of the great Columbian Exposition. The clearly outlined bust of the immortal composer, Beethoven, in Central Park, is one of his more enduring creations, and the best known of his public works.

One of the most successful sculptors of the century, from a financial point of view, is John Rogers, whose miniature plaster groups have made him famous throughout the country. He has designed and copyrighted fifty or sixty of these groups, and as the subjects have always

been popular and the prices cheap, they have enjoyed an enormous sale. In the pursuit of his vocation Mr. Rogers has not been confined to the narrow limits of a monetary view, but has worked largely in the interests of art. He rightly holds that the necessary costliness of the usual sculptural productions has placed them far beyond reach of the masses. As a substitute he offered his plaster groups, and the avidity with which they have been purchased from the start shows that they have filled a long-felt public want. The statue of Lincoln, at Chicago, and that of General Reynolds, at Philadelphia, both colossal, are the best known of his more ambitious productions. Mr. Rogers has a roomy studio on Twelfth Street, just off Fifth Avenue, convenient to the National Sculptors Society, of which he is a member. He is in the neighborhood of sixty years old, and though afflicted with palsy of the right wrist, is still one of the most industrious workers in New York.

Herbert Adams of Brooklyn, whose picture appears on the reverse side of this page, is one of the best-known men in art circles of the City of Churches. His connection with the Pratt Institute has also brought him in close relations with the educational element of Brooklyn. Sculpture is the distinctive branch of art to which Mr. Adams has devoted his best energies, working there in a labor of love. Among sculptors he is best known by the tasteful busts which emanate from his capable hand.

A NATIONAL WIDOWS' HOME.



ASHINGTON, JUNE 7.—The National Capital is a widows' home. Probably more relicts of famous men live here than are to be found anywhere else in the United States. The singular feature of this is that, in most cases, Washington was not the home of these women before their widowhood; in some cases they had never lived

here. Mrs. George W. Childs is planning to come here to live. She has even selected a site for her future home—on Sixteenth Street, near the corner of K Street—and is preparing to build. Mrs. Childs has never had a home here, and she has beautiful homes in and around Philadelphia, which must be hallowed to her by association with her husband. Yet she chooses Washington as the home of her widowhood. Mrs. Grant, it is announced, accompanied by her daughter, Nellie Grant Sartoris, is about to take up her abode here. During the term of General Grant as President, of course, Mrs. Grant's home was in the White House. But before that time it was in the West, and after the expiration of his Presidential term the General moved to New York. Yet Mrs. Grant turns to Washington again, and it is said that she would have come here years ago but for the objections of Colonel Fred Grant. Mrs. Sartoris was unable to live in this country for many years, because the terms on which she received an allowance from the Sartoris family compelled her to bring up her children in England. Now Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris are to be added to the society of the capital.

The house of Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris has not been selected. Mrs. Sartoris is now looking for a rather modest place to rent for a year. Eventually she will probably buy or build; but, while she has a modest little fortune which came to her and to her children from the Sartoris family, she cannot afford a very extensive establishment. Mrs. Childs, on the contrary, can afford one of the handsomest dwellings in this city of beautiful homes, and she has chosen a conspicuous and beautiful site for it. She will build on the lot adjoining the dwelling of the widow of Senator Zach Chandler, more often spoken of as "the Hale mansion," because Senator Hale and his wife live there with Mrs. Chandler, who is Mrs. Hale's mother. Mrs. Chandler is another of Washington's widows, transplanted from Michigan. The Chandler house is on the northeast corner of K Street and Sixteenth Street. The latter, is, perhaps, the most conspicuous street in Washington, extending, as it does, from Lafayette Square, directly opposite the Executive Mansion, to the high hill at the District boundary, on which stands the magnificent home of ex-Senator John B. Henderson of Missouri. It has often been proposed to change the name of Sixteenth Street to Executive Avenue. Mrs. Childs' home will be on Sixteenth Street, just above K Street. It will cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

Mrs. Windom of Minnesota lived in Washington during Mr. Windom's public service here. She was here at the time of his death. Her home is in Minnesota. But she has been in Washington most of the past winter, and she seems thoroughly attached to the capital. Undoubtedly this will be her home in the future.

So much of the life of Mr. Blaine was spent in Washington that it is not surprising that his widow should feel perfectly at home here. Besides, most of the property which Mr. Blaine left is in Washington. Yet the real home of Mrs. Blaine is in Maine, where she will spend the coming summer. In the house on Lafayette Square, where the magnetic statesman died, she has been working with Miss Dodge on the biography which is to be published before very long, and which is to be her monument to the memory of her husband.

Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston has lived in Washington during the past winter, and she promises to live in this city hereafter. Mrs. Johnston was the mistress of the White House during the administration of her uncle, Mr. Buchanan. But she has another reason for feeling at home here. She was educated at the Roman Catholic convent in Georgetown. Besides, Mrs. Johnston has spent most of her life in Baltimore, within an hour's ride of this city, and she is as much at home here as she is in her real home there.

Many widows of noted army and navy officers live in Washington. Perhaps the most conspicuous of them is Mrs. Logan. She still occupies the frame house just beyond the Boundary where General Logan died. Mrs. Logan devotes herself earnestly to literary work, and she is as energetic as ever in all that she undertakes. Her home is one which she and her husband paid for slowly, and which they fitted out modestly with the trophies of many campaigns against the Indians.

Mrs. Hancock, widow of the general who was named "The Superb," lives in a house on Twenty-first and R Streets, which was presented to her shortly after her husband's death. It is the corner house of what is known as Hancock's Row. It is worth about twenty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Corcoran headed the subscription for the purchase of this house with two thousand dollars. About sixteen thousand dollars was raised, and Mr. Warder made that the price of the house—probably its cost to him. Mrs. Hancock selected the house at the suggestion of the committee having the fund in hand, and it was completed to suit her taste. It is a three-story house of brick, with basement of brownstone, and a brown-stone tower at the corner.

Mrs. Sheridan, the widow of "Phil" Sheridan, spends her winters in the handsome house on Rhode Island Avenue where General Sheridan died. Her summers are spent at Nonquit, where she has a cottage. The Washington house was presented to General Sheridan by some of his friends.

Mrs. George H. Thomas, widow of General Thomas, lives in a nice-looking house on I Street, near Nineteenth Street. It is a three-story red brick, with brown-stone trimmings. Mrs. Thomas' home was in Troy, N. Y. There she had all of the relics of General Thomas's service collected; but, fearing that some injury might come to them, she presented them to the War Department and to West Point, and then came to Washington to live.

Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren, known to the reading world particularly by her contributions to literature, spends her winters in Washington and her summers at South Mountain, in Maryland. She is one of the wealthy widows of Washington; for she obtained a large sum from the Government, through the Court of Claims, for Admiral Dahlgren's gun inventions used during the war. She lately built a beautiful chapel to the admiral's memory. Her home in Washington is on Thomas Circle.

There are many widows of army officers—among them Mrs. Hazen, widow of the late Chief of the Signal Corps, the widow of Surgeon-General Barnes and the widow of General Duncan.

There are only a few widows of Supreme Court Justices. Mrs. Waite, the widow of the Chief Justice, who was conspicuous recently in the dedication of the Mary Washington monument, has spent her widowhood in a modest home on I Street, near Fourteenth Street. Mrs. Matthews, widow of Stanley Matthews, gave up her handsome home on Connecticut Avenue and N Street at the time of her husband's death, and it was occupied for a long time by Senator Stockbridge, who has just died. The furniture was sold at auction a year ago, and now the Brazilian Minister has taken the house, and he will try to persuade his Government to purchase it and make it the permanent home of the Brazilian Legation in Washington. Mrs. Matthews is living on I Street.

A great many widows of Senators are living in Washington. Most of them are the widows of long-term Senators, to whom Washington had been a home for many years before the death of their husbands. Mrs. Vance, whose husband died recently, has announced her intention of settling in Washington. Mrs. Hearst of California has settled down in the handsome house on New Hampshire Avenue which was completed at the beginning of this winter, and she calls Washington her home. She makes occasional trips to California, where she still has an establishment, and where she has large business interests to look after; but her winter home is in Washington, and she is just beginning to enjoy social pleasures. Mrs. Stanford, although she owned no property in Washington, would come here to live, it is said, but for two reasons. One of these is the fact that the Administration is not "sympathetic." The Stanfords were very intimate with the Harrisons. Another reason is the fact that Mrs. Stanford has very heavy business interests to look after, and those who have seen her since the Senator's death say that she is a very capable business woman. It would not surprise her friends, though, if she should close out her business in California some day and come back to Washington to live.

Mrs. D. P. Morgan is another of the famous widows of Washington. Mr. Morgan was the famous Bunker Morgan of New York. He came here to live ten or twelve years ago, and bought Don Cameron's house on Scott Circle. In that house he died about nine years ago. Mrs. Morgan went away for some years; but she has returned to Washington now, and she expects to make it her home in the future.

Instances could be multiplied almost without end. They increase every year. But they are quite numerous enough now to confirm Washington's title to the name of the National Widows' Home.

THE MISSING SALON.

NEW YORK is the literary centre of America, and the guest chamber of foreign celebrities. Never was the world so full of talent and genius of all kinds as it is to-day.

It is the custom of mankind to sneer at living celebrities, whose very names their descendants will honor, because, as one thinker has said, "Men reverence the past, but are jealous of the present."

We are stirred to enthusiastic admiration as we read of the talent which used to gather in the salons of Sévigné, Scarron, De L'Enclos, and, later, in those of Roland, De Staél and Recamier. "Oh, to have lived in those days," we cry, "and been but once a silent listener in those circles!"

Yet we have in our own midst to-day men and women as brilliant, as original, as witty, as cultured as any the world has ever known; but we have no roof-tree under which these people can or will be brought together. It is amusing to read in the newspaper society column the periodical item which appears about the New York "Salon." Mrs. G—, Mrs. S—, Mrs. B—, are all reported, in turn, to have the one only "New York Salon where one meets the best of the literati." But, despite these ever-recurring items, the fact remains that New York has no salon where all, or even one-third, of the best talent is ever to be encountered.

There are several brilliant literary men in New York,

whose wealth and social position would render it an easy matter for them to gather, semi-monthly, under their roof the celebrities of the age.

But it is the feminine influence which permeates a home and makes its social functions successful or otherwise; and if the wife or mother of a celebrated man lacks the freedom from petty prejudices, or the appreciation of, and the desire to, benefit genius, which is essential to the purpose under discussion, the object ends in failure. The hostess must possess that rare and inimitable faculty which sinks the personal ambition to shine in the desire to make others shine; she must know how to obliterate herself, and to bring out the best qualities in her guests.

Several of our celebrated men in New York welcome to their homes a few personal favorites of more or less fame; but to call these occasions a "Salon" is as obviously absurd as to say one had skinned a pan of cream because he has dipped his tea-spoon therein.

New York's great stumbling-block in the way of the much-needed "Salon" is its lack of a hostess who combines three essential requisites; viz., absolute wealth, absolute tact, absolute breadth of mind. Added to these she must be ambitious, unselfish, and free from small jealousies.

There are a number of intellectual women who have charming coteries of bright people, mainly formed of younger literary lights, who meet from one to four times a month in their homes. But it is an utter impossibility for a professional woman to succeed in forming a veritable salon, because of the crude and vulgar idea so prevalent with the American public that professional people are always seeking to advertise themselves and their wares. Indeed, the woman who has a career to-day is supposed by that same vulgar public mind to be "advertising" herself if she speaks or keeps silent, if she drives or remains indoors, if she wears Worth gowns or designs her own costumes, if she feasts or fasts, if she gives to charity or hoards her wealth. So, for her, the salon is out of the question. However well such a woman might aid people in grinding their axes, they would not countenance her lest she grind her own ax at the same time.

Then, too, Americans are all worshipers of wealth and station, and unless a hostess possessed unquestioned riches and social position our celebrities would not appreciate her overtures, or aid in her effort to establish a mental camping-ground for genius. The average intellectual American pretends to despise purely fashionable life; but he toadies to it nevertheless, and decries the social efforts of any one not "in the swim."

Considering all this, New York can never have a Salon until some woman steps forth from fashion's realm who has money enough, head enough, and heart enough to make it her object.

Such a woman could bring together once a month under her roof the genius-crowned people who star the firmament of New York as the large stars gem the milky way, and she could bestow unlimited benefits on this and future generations. Such an object should in no way interfere with her purely fashionable social relations. It should be distinctly understood that her duties to the literati begin and end and are wholly comprised in the one evening each month which she devotes to their better acquaintance with one another. She is not expected to invite them to her dinner-parties, or to the Patriarch's Ball. They are not supposed to intrude upon her private or social life; and a woman of tact could easily avert any such danger. Besides, few of the literati would have time or taste for such pleasures were they offered.

It should be the object of such a hostess to make herself *au courant* with the literary progress of the day; she should have her secretaries and aides-de-camp to keep her informed of the advent of every visiting celebrity in the city, and it should be her duty and pleasure to bring him into her circle. She should seek to unearth new talents and encourage obscure genius, as a famous hostess discovered both Corneille and Moliere and introduced them in her salon long before the world ever heard of them.

The names of New York's most famous queens of society will be forgotten by all save their grandchildren ere fifty years go by; but should one of them set herself to the difficult, yet worthy, task of establishing a real salon in our midst, her fame would extend over many centuries.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A GROUP OF QUATRAINS.

I.
THE Pomp of Day and Night—
The Sunset and the Sun!—
Thou, my own Heart's Delight,
Art Day and Night in one!

II.
How glad I was of old!—
The Dawn and I were kin;
Now it were over-bald
Night & ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{is} to win.

III.
I dreamed I was a Rose
My Lady loved to wear—
I woke to find the close
Of all things sweet and fair.
—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

HOW HE LOST HER.

Tenderly but firmly disengaging himself from her clinging embrace, he looked steadfastly into her swimming eyes. And yet he doubted.
"Do you swear?" he asked.
Upon the instant her demeanor changed.

"None of your business!" she abruptly replied.
When he had gone she sat numb with despair, and wondered who could have been near, the time the hammer mistook her finger for a tack.

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

BIRD SONGS OF JUNE.

BY HELEN EVERSTON SMITH.

I.

LOXO before the morning broke
Eager birds from dreams awoke;
Scattered love-notes, sweet and soft,
Trilled from grove, and hedge, and croft,
Till with splendor burst the sun,
On a day of joy begun.

Free-free-free!
Wee-ace-ace!
See-see-see!

Sing the birds from bush and tree.
All unknowing
What the sowing

(Past or present) yet may bring.
Hope and Love the June birds sing.

II.

Hark the buoyant bob-o-link,
Dropping by the lakelet's brink,
Poising light as thistle-down,
On a tall weed's swaying crown,
Flinging wide his throbbing throat,
Bubbling forth his jolly note—

Merry-wink,
Dee-i-drink,
Drink-drink-drink!
Life! I love it! Think-think-think!

While you listen
Catch the glisten
Sun and dew flash o'er the bank
Where bearding wheat-tops stand in rank.

III.

Storm-clouds soon may gather, black,
Lightnings rend, and thunders rack,
Torrents rise, and rains descend,
Ere the day in peace shall end;
Only robins soothly know
Floods may come and winds may blow—

Coming rain
Bow the grain;
We would fain

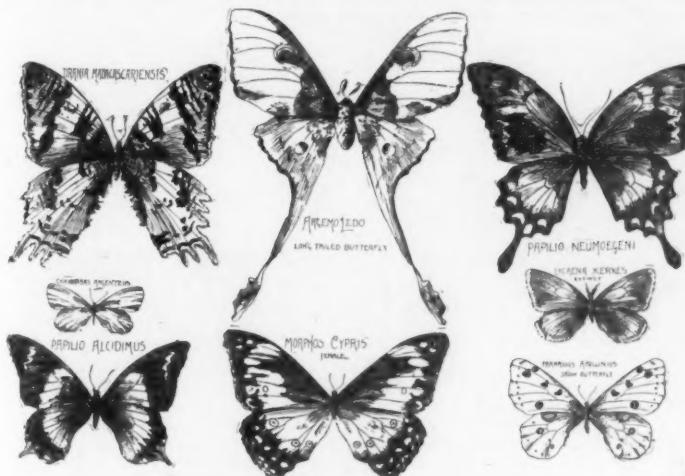
Fly away, but must remain;
Cry they, warning,
In the morning;
Plaintive note through merry rune
Sung by other birds in June.

BUTTERFLIES.

RETTY, gentle Miss May has come and gone, and the face of Nature has broken into a smile of greeting. The trees and fields are clothing themselves in their hues of brilliant green, the buds are bursting into flower. But nothing more truly proclaims the fact that bleak old winter has given away to the warmth and gladness of spring than the metamorphosis of that lowly and crawling thing, the caterpillar, into the gorgeous butterfly. A very spirit of summer seems this creature of sunshine, as it wings its way slowly through the garden, stopping here and there to sip the sweetness from some flower, and then taking up its lazy, wandering flight again until, at last, it is seen no more—swallowed up in the sunshine, apparently.

Few, indeed, are the children who have never felt the fascination of chasing butterflies, who have never been led on and on by that sense of mystery as to where the pretty creature is really going. And while it is a pursuit usually ended with childhood days, there are children of larger growth—many of them, too—who have never given up this delightful practice. They are the men who gather butterflies for the great collections. Very enthusiastic and daring are they, and many a rare specimen of the beautiful winged creature have they found on American soil.

Most of these have gone to swell the great Neumoegen collection, which is easily the largest and most important



SKETCHES OF BUTTERFLIES, SHOWING THEIR RELATIVE SIZES.

in this country, and even in comparison with those of wealthy enthusiasts and royal families of Europe it has no equal but the marvelous collection in the British Museum, which has been in the process of growth, under Governmental direction, for one hundred and thirty years. Mr. Berthold Neumoegen of New York City is the owner of the collection. It represents twenty years of enthusiastic gathering on his part and the expenditure of at least sixty thousand dollars.

In an apartment on the top floor of the Neumoegen residence, in West Forty-sixth Street, this colony of butterflies, with life gone, but beauty remaining, may be seen. The visitor is directed to the butterfly-room by the servant, and, half a minute later, finds himself grasping the outstretched hand of Mr. Jacob Doll, who takes care of the collection, and knows more about it than any man except its owner. It is a room of cases.

ONCE A WEEK.

There are cases on the right, on the left, before and behind. The cases begin with the floor and reach to the ceiling.

"And so," says Mr. Doll, "you want to see the butterflies. Well, there are plenty of them—seventy-five thousand and more. A very cosmopolitan lot they are, too. Asia, Africa, Europe and all parts of the Western Hemisphere are represented here. We have specimens from the jungles of New Guinea, from the forests of the Amazon, from the mountain-tops of the Himalayas and the Alps, from Alaska, from Japan, from—but I will stop. I could spend an hour just telling you where they come from, and you would rather see them."

Case after case Mr. Doll pulled out, showing beneath their glass covers myriads of butterflies, their outspread wings as perfect as in life, and magnificent with a blending of color no art of man could imitate. There were tiny ones, not half so large as a little finger-nail, and great creatures whose wings measured nearly a foot across. All were labeled with the Latin names, and all were beautiful. It was with very pardonable pride



THE COLLECTION—MOUNTING A SPECIMEN.

that the collector displayed these wonders of the insect world.

"Rare ones," he repeated, in answer to a question. "Oh, yes. Here, for example," calling attention to a butterfly of a remarkable metallic green, "is the Papilio Neumoegeni, the only one of its kind ever captured. It was taken in the Island of Sumbawa, southwest of Java. When Mr. Neumoegen received it in a shipment from his collector, he at once concluded that it was new to science, and sent it to Europe to verify his opinion. The experts there said that he was right. Special expeditions have been made to the island since in hope of finding its counterpart, but in vain."

"And what is its value?" I asked.

"Well, it is the only one of its kind in the world. Suppose you offered Mr. Neumoegen one thousand dollars for it. He would certainly refuse. He would be willing to give you two thousand dollars for its mate, and you could never fill the order. Then it is worth two thousand dollars, isn't it? But it is worth more, for money cannot buy it."

It was then shown other gems of the collection. Here is the Papilio Antimachus, from the Upper Congo, of which the female has never been seen. Near by is the Papilio Alcidinus, of which only three are known. In

other cases are the snow butterflies of extreme Northern latitudes; the Lycena Xerxes, an extinct species of California; the Asiatic group, arrayed in velvet of the most brilliant black, green, crimson and orange; the Onisimus, from Celebes, which the collector calls "the ladies in white," because they are white varieties of a black insect; the Satyrus Argenteni, from the mountains of Chili, whose wings seem to be cut of glistening silver; the dawn flyers, the Sphinx family, the Caligos, with lines on the reverse side which are a perfect representation of an owl's face; the silk-spinners, the Tropaeas, whose tails are nearly a foot in length; a very complete set of the fauna of this country, and hundreds of others, all of them interesting, and a number valued at hundreds of dollars apiece.

To gather these butterflies from the four corners of the earth requires much enthusiasm on the part of the collectors, for not infrequently they incur the greatest risks and undergo the most severe hardships to secure rare specimens. They have encountered the wild men of the jungle, the wild beasts of the forests, the fevers of swamps and the storms of mountain-tops. Once, while hunting butterflies in the Rocky Mountains for the Neumoegen collection, Mr. Doll saw a queer-looking insect fly past above his head and disappear over the edge of a precipice. Looking down, he could just see the butterfly, hundreds of feet below, tasting the honey from a flower that grew out of the rocks. It was a matter of only a moment for the guides to lower the collector with a rope. Suspended in mid-air, he captured the prize, and now it is one of the "uniques" of the collection.

Among the greatest of butterfly-collectors was the late Prof. Hainel. He worked for five years along the Upper Amazon, and made many interesting and valuable discoveries. He learned that many species have regular hours for flight, and can be seen at no other time. He noticed, also, that varieties rarely rise more than a foot off the ground, skipping from twig to twig, while the gorgeous Morphoe sail along above the tree-tops. To capture these he built platforms twenty feet high. Another of his observations was that the most highly-prized species of all, the Papilio, have a curious habit of playing with each other in the air. As a bait, he fastened a dead Papilio to a bush, and, sure enough, another swooped down to sport with its kind, and, of course, became a victim.

Hundreds of species have been discovered since the invention of electric lights. They eluded the nets and baits for ages, but the brilliant glow has attractions for them too great to be resisted.

In his collecting expeditions Mr. Doll seldom uses a net. He follows the butterfly until it alights, and then puts over it a bottle with a wide opening. A piece of sponge, saturated with chloroform and fastened to the cork, soon soothes the captive into everlasting sleep, and it has been secured without the handling which is so disastrous to its beauty.

H.

DOG-CATCHING.

FOR years dog-catchers have been little better than dog-stealers. Every dog, licensed or not, led by chain or string or not, was liable to seizure by brutal ruffians who made a business of picking up all valuable canines, wherever found or obtainable, with a view to enforcing a ransom from the lawful owners. These dog-catchers have been known to pluck the little pet animals from the arms of children and ladies in the public streets. They have even entered houses and stolen valuable dogs from halls and yards. The disreputable practices of these professional thieving dog-catchers became so outrageous that, at length, a law was passed transferring the whole business from the hands of the city authorities to those of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Under the new law the society issues all dog licenses at two dollars each. The licenses may be renewed for one dollar a year. Dogs are not licensed, but they must wear a collar with the owner's name attached. Otherwise, the society's agents may pick them up in the street and give them chloroform forty-eight hours later, if they are not claimed. The new law went into effect on the 1st of May last, and a great crowd of ladies and ladies' maids thronged the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The illustration will be found interesting. (See page 4.)

A WHITE BABOON: A RARE ARRIVAL.

(From a Photograph by Blake & Edgar, Bedford, Eng.)

THE white baboon which has just arrived in England is a representative of a species extremely rare—so rare, indeed, that not only is this the only specimen in captivity, but its existence has been regarded as chimerical. The animal now in England was captured



two years ago from its mother, when quite a baby, by a party of Trek Boers in the Murchison Range District of Johannesburg. Since that time the baby has developed into a full-grown baboon of nearly four feet in height. During the voyage from the Cape it suffered terribly from sea-sickness, but has now quite recovered its health and activity. The fur is perfectly white and very long. In spite of its mature age, milk is still its favorite food.

Cleverton—"I called on a girl yesterday who had a pet parrot, and do you know that, although she is one of the most refined, lady-like creatures in the world, while I was waiting for her that bird swore like a pirate."

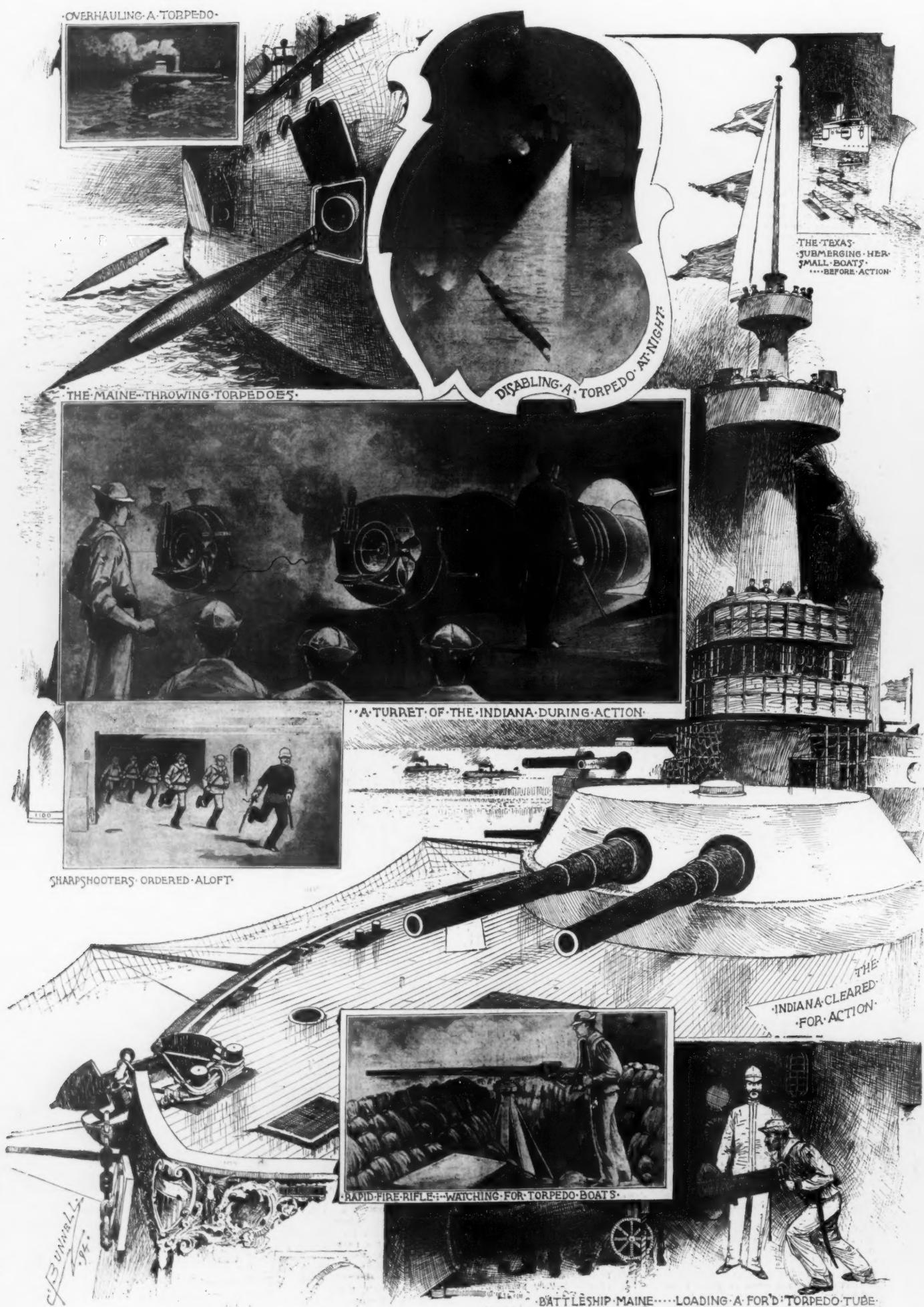
Dashaway—"Did you have to wait long?"

Cleverton—"I should say I did. I thought she never would come down."

Dashaway—"That accounts for it, old man; other fellows have been there before you."

Y. P. S. C. E. SOUVENIR.

An edition of the Souvenir Maps of the Y. P. S. C. E. Convention, to be held July 11th to 15th, at Cleveland, Ohio, has been issued to the members of the convention, the shortest through passenger line between Buffalo and Chicago. Any person who expects to attend this Convention and desires one of these maps can have same forwarded to his address by addressing F. J. Moore, General Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.



MANOEUVRING OUR BATTLESHIPS AND TORPEDOES.

(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by C. BUNNELL.)

(See page 15.)

ONCE A WEEK.



THE TAZIÉH

Tis somewhat surprising that a people so imaginative as the Persians should have given so little attention to the cultivation of the drama. They seem to be content, for the most part, to gratify what dramatic taste they may possess by puppet-shows, resembling Punch-and-Judy, which are made a means for uttering a low order of jokes or covert satires against the Government. One might be led to infer that the Persians were lacking in dramatic talent, were it not for their religious drama, or Passion Play, called the Taziéh. This play is of the first importance both because it exhibits what is the actual capacity of that people for the display and the appreciation of dramatic performances, and because we are able to judge from the Taziéh what was the manner of putting a play on the stage without scenery, as did the ancient Greeks, and what may be the effect produced by acting when altogether divested of such aids.

The Taziéh has at once a religious and a political basis. Mohammeian nations found their political authority on the Koran. Their governments are both civil and religious. Mohammedans are divided into two great sects, the Sunnees and the Sheas. The Turks



THE ZAHIR-I-DOULEH, MASTER OF CEREMONIES,
SON-IN-LAW OF THE SHAH.

are the most prominent nation representing the former, while the Persians the latter. Both accept Mahomet as their founder, but the Sunnees consider that the caliphate, or succession, rests with the house of Moanizéh and the believers in that line of succession. But the Sheas claim, with the utmost fanaticism, that the succession belonged by right to Fathimé, the daughter of the Prophet, and Alee, her husband, and that when their sons were slain — the one by assassination, the other in battle fighting for his rights — an enormous crime, an ineradicable sacrilege, was perpetrated.

For fourteen hundred years the Sheas have set aside a month of mourning, called Moharrem, in commemoration of the slaughter of Hossein, the son of Alee and Fathimé, and his family. During the ten especially holy days of that month great enormities are committed by fanatics, who march through the streets half-naked and gash themselves with knives. Christians show themselves as little as possible during that time. The Passion Play is acted during the Moharrem. It lasts

for ten days, with two scenes, or performances, each day, one lasting throughout the afternoon and the other occupying the entire evening.

The Taziéh as it is seen now is a growth from a crude drama, which, since the ninth century, has been steadily gaining in artistic merit, while its hold on the popular mind has increased rather than decreased. While the Taziéh is exhibited at various places, it is nowhere seen to such advantage as at the Royal Theatre at Teherán, the capital. This building, which was erected exclusively for this play, is called the Takiéh. It adjoins the grounds of the Shah's palace, and is a large circular structure, built with immense massiveness out of brick. There is no roof; but when the sun is too hot, embroidered curtains are stretched over a large wooden frame. A large chandelier is suspended from this frame, which,



AN ACTOR.

with the candles attached to the walls, serves to light up the evening performances.

No Christians are allowed in the building, except that, on rare occasions, Europeans, partially disguised and having official prominence or influence, are permitted to see a few of the scenes, under the auspices of an officer of the Government. But no Christian has ever seen the entire play, nor would any but the Faithful be permitted under any circumstances to see the performances of the last three days, when the action of the drama culminates and the fanaticism and religious fervor of both audience and actors reaches such a degree of tragic emotion that sometimes the actors actually kill themselves. Not even the authority of the King could avail to save the life of any Christian who might at that crisis attract the attention of some of the half-delirious fanatics. It was my good fortune to witness three performances of the Taziéh, by invitation of the Zahir-i-Douleh, or Master of Ceremonies, who was a favorite son-in-law of the Shah. He gave me an advantageous seat on the luxurious divans of his own loggia. The high dignitaries of the realm have boxes, or loggias, of their own, which they furnish with choice rugs and embroideries. Their servants and retainers stand in the rear, and fetch pipes and tea between the acts. The Shah has a row of latticed loggias for himself and the ladies of the royal menage. The common people sit on a sloping platform, slightly raised above the ground. In the centre of the arena is the stage, which is simply a circular stone platform.

The people gather early in the morning, and often remain all day rather than lose their seats. During the intervals of waiting water, pipes and refreshments are passed about, women smoking as well as the men, and listening the while to fervid exhortations from pious orators mounted on pulpits.

Each performance opens with a procession around the stage of all the actors, who, either as principals or subordinates, take part in the play. The martyred Hossein and his family precede the procession, chanting, with amazing sweetness and pathos, the elegy of their doom. It is no exaggeration to state that the impressiveness of that solemn chant has rarely been equaled or surpassed. The chief actors then ascend the stage, and the others disappear in the lobbies until required. The female characters are represented by men, who speak in falsetto. There is a chorus, as in the Greek plays, and the orchestra is placed in the highest gallery. The instruments are kettle-drums and immense war-horns. There is no attempt to sound a harmony;

but at exciting periods in the drama a wild blast is blown, which stimulates the emotions of the audience. A prompter walks about the stage, and aids the actors as occasion may require; but one soon forgets to notice either him or the absurd objects used to suggest the scene of the drama, such as two or three chairs brought from the royal treasury and covered with beaten gold, and worth four thousand dollars each, or the bedstead, with canopy in lieu of a tent, for the eloquence and earnestness of the acting causes the audience to forget all else.

The scene is laid on the banks of the Euphrates. Hossein, with his family, including his half-brother, Abbas, his sister, Zeineb, his nephew, and a handful of faithful adherents, is surrounded by the host of the enemy, led by Shemr. The little band suffers untold tortures from thirst, but refuses to surrender or abandon their claims to represent the true line of the Prophet. The nephew goes forth to obtain water, but is intercepted and slain. Ultimately all are slain except Zeineb and two of the children of the victims, who lived to perpetuate the direct line of Mahomet. As the play lasts ten days, picturesque or thrilling episodes are occasionally introduced, which have some relation, real or fancied, to the development of Islamism, and serve to relieve the tediousness of so protracted a drama. Camels, horses, elephants, warriors, troops of Arabs, and numerous other spectacular effects appear in the course of the ten days. As regards the acting, it is sufficient to say here that it is characterized by great power, rising,

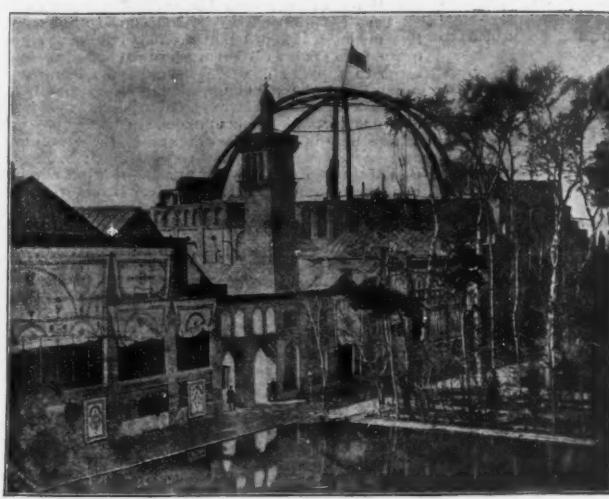


ONE OF THE ACTORS.

sometimes, to magnificent efforts of genius. This was especially the case with the actor, Mirza Gholam Hossein, who represented Abbas, and wore the chain armor of the time. The vast audience was often bathed in tears, or was overcome by rage or enthusiasm. For my own part, I can say that I have never been more moved by the best acting I have seen on the European stage.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

CONNECTICUT women have presented the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, with a marble portrait bust of Harriet Beecher Stowe. The unveiling of the bust took place on May 24, with appropriate ceremonies. Mrs. Stowe, who is in feeble health, was unable to be present. Her sister, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, made an address, and the bust was unveiled by Hilda Stowe, a granddaughter of the distinguished authoress. The bust is the work of Annie Whitney of Boston, and cost one thousand dollars.



EASTERN VIEW OF THEATRE.



INTERIOR OF PERSIAN THEATRE.



NE sunshiny day, in July, 1881, I was walking on the northern shore of the Bay of Cadiz, in Southern Spain. The tide had just gone out, and along the wet but firm strand hundreds of crabs of various sizes were rambling about, some in search of society, others in search of food, but the majority probably only taking a healthy airing in the warm sunlight.

As I sauntered along, numbers, alarmed at my approach, scurried away before me, most of them taking refuge in the sea, while those to landward observed me in quiet from the distance, and scarcely deigned to move. Their multitude was truly astonishing. But there was something otherwise remarkable about these particular crabs of Cadiz, else I should never have stopped to make note of such vulgar shellfish. The fact is, that all the larger ones had an arm missing.

"How is this?" said I to myself. "Is it possible that there has been a great civil war among these crabs; and are these one-armed fellows the veterans—the disabled pensioners that survive?"

Such a sight was so unusual—so un-crab-like—apparently so unnatural, that I ran and caught one; and, spreading my newspaper on a rock, sat down on it deliberately to examine him. I counted his legs. He had the ordinary number. I tried to investigate his eyes; but a smart pinch from his claw diverted my attention, and painfully obliged me to desist. The one nipper which he possessed was on his left side, a perfect cancerian member, without any unusual character whatever. On the right side the claw was gone, and in the place where it used to be joined to his body was a little roundish lump, for all the world like the reverted wart which used to grow over the left eye-brow of my first and most dreaded schoolmaster.

Wishing for a better knowledge of the life of crabs, I tied my captive carefully in my handkerchief, with a little sea-weed beside him to keep him moist, and was just gathering up my newspaper to depart, when I noticed, not far off, three persons coming directly toward me, as if they had something to say to me. One was apparently a merchant of the town, appered with all the punctilio which marks the citizen. He held by the hand one who was evidently his little son—a swarthy, dark-eyed, intelligent-looking boy of about fourteen years. This well-dressed pair stopped a few yards away, while their companion, very different, indeed, from them as to rank and condition—an elderly barefooted fisherman, with a cap on his head and a basket on his arm, politely approached me, and, with all that courtesy peculiar to Spaniards of every class, asked me in which direction I intended proceeding. As such an inquiry made by a stranger in a foreign country might possibly be a cover to some sinister design, I determined, before answering, to find out his reason for desiring to know the direction I meant to take.

"Because," said he, "if your Honor goes eastward, you will frighten away the crabs before I can come to operate on them."

"Operate?" said I, "what do you mean by 'operating'?"

"See here," said he, as he laid his basket on the sand and removed the oil-cloth covering exposing to view hundreds of crab's claws. "These claws are for sale in Cadiz; and if I don't fill this basket and return to the city in time to sell them, my wife and children must needs go supperless to bed."

"Where," I asked, "are the crabs you took these claws from?"

"There," he replied, pointing in the direction I had come from. "Don't you see them running about on that piece of strand behind you?"

"But why," said I, "do you only take one claw and not the whole crab?"

"Because," said he, "the people of Cadiz eat only the claws. If we were to take both at once, the crab would pine and certainly die, since he requires at least one with which to feed himself. Whenever we fishermen go a-crabbing, we spare all that have only a single claw; but when we meet one with two, we always take the larger. In time the little one becomes a big one, and a new one sprouts out where the other was wrenched from. As soon as this new one is large enough for him to use we take the other; and so we proceed, thus preserving always a supply of crabs to grow claws for the good people of Cadiz."

"It seems to me," said I, to the stylishly-dressed merchant who, with his boy, had now joined us, "that our opinions of Spanish cruelty are very well-founded. Your bull-fights are surely bad enough, but this tearing of limbs from living animals is a relic of barbarism I had never dreamed of."

"You English," replied he, "are, without doubt, the greatest Pharisees in Europe. You abuse our bull-fights, but forget your brutal prize-fights, and the drunken brawls your sailors never fail to indulge in whenever they visit our city. Until recently you enjoyed the fighting of game-fowl and bulldogs, and yet you blame our poor Spanish fishermen because they use crabs economically, and for the laudable purpose of preserving a living for their wives and children. In English countries philanthropy runs mad. You have plenty of charitable speech-making, with societies for the feeding of cats, and hospitals for horses and dogs; but still you continue to hoard your money and grind the poor with an iron heel. The newspapers publish your true story to the whole world. Every year you allow hundreds to die slowly of starvation and exposure, and while you preach about charity, you advertise your business by publishing your almsgiving. In Spain the case is far different. A man may be hungry in this country, but to die of starvation! Why, such a thing is unheard of among Spaniards."

"But about these crabs," said I, not wishing to listen further to reproaches which I knew to be true. "Do you mean to tell me that it is not cruel to take off, continually, the claws of these unfortunate animals?"

"There it is again," said he. "You English are pig-headed. You don't discriminate in cruelty. A sheep or a goose is an animal of far greater sensibility than a crab, and yet you yourselves, in your cold Northern climate, will ruthlessly strip off wool and feathers from these poor animals in the early spring, just for the sake of a few cents' difference in price. You also unfeelingly cut off the tails and ears of your dogs, and dock the tails of your horses, thinking to improve upon Nature. All of these practices are undoubtedly cruel, and without any reasonable excuse."

Seeing me silent and thoughtful, he burst into a laugh.

"On my honor, I believe," said he, "that you are more pained by the thought than the crabs themselves by the operation. Don't you know that hardships by frequent recurrence become much more bearable? We read that the sea-roving Phoenicians built the city of Cadiz more than two thousand years ago, and that immediately they got settled they began this custom of operating on the crabs. Since that time the economic practice has had an unbroken continuation, so that the nature of our crabs has, one may reasonably suppose, become long since accommodated to giving up the larger claw as soon as the little one grows."

"I really believe," said the old fisherman, smiling, as the trio prepared to depart, "that our crabs have become so used to it that, if we fishermen delayed in our periodic visits, they would faithfully come out of their own accord, and good-naturedly cast off their claws above high-water-mark, so that our dear Gaditanos might have nothing in the world to complain of—But evening approaches," said he, doffing his cap, "me voy a mis cangrejos. Adios, Señor."

G. R. O'REILLY.

Corresponding Member of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland.



A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

MURIEL JULIUS CHAMBERS'S well-remembered exposure, many years ago, of the methods of private insane asylums naturally suggested applying to him for his views about the present disgraceful developments showing a sort of barbarous mismanagement of the Asylum for Female Demented on Ward's Island. One of the reporters of ONCE A WEEK, of which Mr. Chambers was formerly editor, called upon that gentleman at his home on West Ninety-first Street, and found him quite willing to give his views.

"Yes," began Mr. Chambers, smiling, "I did pass two weeks as a make-believe patient in Bloomingdale Asylum, in obedience to the command of my superiors on the New York *Tribune*, and my efforts at that time led to the release of thirteen patients. But I have not visited Ward's Island in many years. The recent startling and altogether circumstantial exposure of the condition of things existing on the Island makes it clear to my mind that the poor wretches far away from home and friends in a strange land, do not receive the attention that they should. So many things contribute to cause us to be negligent or heartless to our fellow-mortals that it is unjust to the best or the worst of us to form a hasty judgment."

"Is the public apathetic, then?"

"I once heard Wendell Phillips, one of the most sincere and conscientious men that ever strode a platform, say that the Indians and the insane were the two classes of human beings in whom the public felt no interest. He gave utterance to these sentiments from the rostrum of Tremont Temple, Boston, and before one of the largest audiences ever crowded into that auditorium. His words were, apparently, belied by the size of the throng that had come out to hear him plead the cause of the insane. And yet, the fact was, that every person in that great throng returned to his or her home and utterly forgot the pathos or the pity of the picture of the miseries of minds diseased that this wonderful natural orator had painted; that nothing was accomplished; that reforms conceded to be necessary never were carried out. Who prays for the insane? Did you ever think of it? A prayer is a little thing, but in the Book of Common Prayer the mentally diseased are grouped under the head of 'All sorts and conditions of men.'

"The most serious charge that can be laid against a nurse or physician of the insane is inattention or neglect.

This is true as applied to a physician in any serious case of illness; but its especial application may be made regarding the care of mad people, because they may take

their own lives or those of others because of inadequate supervision. And yet when we reflect how stern is the

struggle for existence, even under the very best of circumstances, and how cold is the sympathy of the world, we can hardly wonder that nurses who are compelled to seek employment amid such surroundings become indifferent to the miseries of mankind and callous to the common danger that everywhere surrounds them.

"To enter the large room of a maniac ward, in which are turned loose from forty to a hundred irresponsible human creatures, is to take one's life in one's hand. Entering the steel cage of the trained animals of the jungle and forest is not more dangerous. The sole factor of strength in favor of the attendant is found in the fact that there is no cohesion or affiliation between the individuals who form the mass. It is fortunate, perhaps, that such is the case, because, if organization were possible, a revolt of the madmen could be organized among the asylums of the country that might result in the liberation of the patients and the locking up of the physicians and nurses. We all remember Poe's quaint story of 'Dr. Tar and Professor Feather.'

"Hopeless and wretched as is the life of a man or woman suffering from mental disease the position of the Ward's Island immigrants is doubly heartrending. Neglect is often suffered by patients whose relatives and friends reside near at hand. The victims of a living death have added to their woes a recognition of the ingratitude of their fellow-mortals. But regard the position of the friendless immigrant to these shores, marked by disease on the voyage, or driven from mental balance by the hardships of the first few months in a new and strange land! No friends can enter his drear abode! His existence is unknown on this side of the sea; rescue by friends or tender nursing at the hands of love cannot be his. No apparent reason exists why any nurse should take the slightest interest in him, and, as a result, he is almost invariably neglected."

"Abuses of the gravest character have been discovered and exposed in the best class of private insane asylums, though it must be remembered that in such institutions the patient is a source of profit, and, one would suppose, would be cared for with the utmost attention in order that the revenue might continue. The neglect or brutality is wholly ascribable to the indifference eventually developed in the hearts of all guardians of mentally unbalanced minds. Every physician and keeper in a mad-house should have a brain-airing of at least three months in every twelve!"

"The *Herald* is doing a noble work for the most helpless of all mankind, and it is not the first time that that great journal has raised its mighty voice in behalf of the oppressed and friendless."

THE SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

Preceding your request for contributions "on the social and industrial question that now confronts us" (in your entertaining issue of this date), you ask several questions:

1st. (In substance) Is the American Union worth the tremendous cost of the Civil War?

Yes, in so far as it furthered progress by the enfranchisement of the negroes. Otherwise, it is questionable whether the people at large are happier under one government than they would have been under two. It is hard to conceive a condition of affairs under which the lot of the common people could have been harder than it is to-day, when five million men are begging for work, when little children labor at the industrial loom, and when the wretched Coxeyites are still tramping toward the National Capital.

2d. "Have the people taken good care of what the soldiers died to preserve?"

Yes; for the soldiers fought and died for the Union. But I must take issue with you on the statement that "we enjoy all the freedom that is good for any people." Where men have access to land they are free, for the application of labor to land creates the necessities that men require. But where men are denied the use of land, they are helpless for their own support, and are slaves dependent on the bounty of the owners of the land, as truly as the negroes were slaves to their Southern masters.

This brings me to your fourth and fifth questions: "Where is all this now?" (meaning the prosperity that succeeded the Civil War), and "What, then, causes the distress?" The prosperity of the masses has necessarily disappeared with the fencing in of the public domain by monopolists, and the cause of the distress is that fencing in. For as long as the masses had access to land the poorest men, by the application of labor thereto, could obtain the necessities of life. As you justly infer in the same paragraph, "there are too many of our present population working for wages and paying rent, and not enough of them working for themselves and living in their own houses." Since men will give all that they have for life, and since to live they must live on land, it is but natural that landlords should require from them all earnings in excess of a sum sufficient to support life. The slave must be accorded as much, and the masses to-day are practically slaves. Nor would one hundred million dollars, invested in colonization, as you propose, solve the grave problem before us. It would buy a hundred thousand farms, and to that extent would afford relief; but the condition of the vast majority of our five million unemployed men would not be bettered. Nor would the colonization of the whole five million men afford permanent relief; for some men are shrewder than others, and in a little time the few would own the repurchased land and the many would again become homeless.

There is only one solution to the vexed problem, and that is the passage of such a law as would give all men free access to land at all times. This vast reform, this freeing of all men, can be consummated only by the abolition of all taxes save a tax on land values, by the enactment into law of the perfect theory of the Single Tax.

LEWIS V. BOOY.

NEW YORK, June 2, 1884.

"THREE LITTLE LOVERS OF NATURE" is the title of a charming booklet for children, by Ella Reeve Ware. It contains much interesting information about the wonders of Nature and the habits of animals and insects, conveyed in a simple and pretty way that can hardly fail to appeal to juvenile readers. Mothers and teachers would find this little work useful.



THE PATHOS OF BEING RICH



POOR RELATION of one of the richest families in America once said to me: "It is astonishing how little comfort Mrs. So-and-So gets out of her enormous wealth."

"What do you mean?" was my smiling answer.

And then I listened to certain amusing explanatory details. Mrs. So-and-So was a great leader of fashion. She loved dress, as all such women do, and as, I am afraid, a mighty majority of her obscure sisters likewise. But she never secured the faintest pleasure from this keen, if pardonable, passion. She went abroad nearly every year and had a talk with Worth in the Rue de la Paix. Worth would send her certain gowns, and they were almost always just what she wanted. The price was not to be considered. To consider it would have been ridiculous; she was so exceptionally rich. Even if she had felt that Worth was cheating her, she would have refrained from scolding him or arguing with him, much less from suing him. For if it should transpire that she had made any sort of protest against his bill, she would be certain that sarcastic gossip would at once pounce upon her. "How avaricious," it would cry, "are these multi-millionaires! To think that a woman of Mrs. So-and-So's huge wealth should actually stoop to quarrel about a dressmaker's bill!"

Then, as for the gowns themselves. Granted that they are superb, exquisite, brilliantly artistic. Everybody takes them as matter of course. She goes to a Patriarch's or an Assembly ball clad in one of them, and has it sprinkled over with diamonds of the whitest water. People look at her, admire her; but nobody presumes to say: "You are robed like a queen." Most women love graceful compliments on their attire, its neat fit, its becomingness, and all that. But poor rich Mrs. So-and-So never gets a compliment. Everybody is afraid to tell her that she is magnificently garbed. At the same ball Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones may appear in a plainish frock and a necklace of rather ordinary pearls, about which her stock-broker husband has growled a good deal before permitting her to purchase, and at least half-a-dozen men in the room have told her, before supper-time, how lovely the adornment is, and how it becomes her, and how they observed it the instant she dawned upon their sight. But Mrs. So-and-So is never made the recipient of any such genial speeches as these. She can coruscate in her corselet of rubies, radiate in her *rivières* of diamonds, and nobody will presume to breathe her a word of gratulation. Everybody feels that it would be a kind of impertinence to mention these visible signs of her colossal income.

But Mrs. So-and-So secretly pines at all this taciturn deference. In her heart of heart she would much prefer to be admired for the glory of her costumes and her jewels—especially by her own sex. Women always like to have other women praise their apparel, knowing well that these are the true critics of such delicate yet potent details. From men they demand another species of eulogy. It is always dangerous for a man to talk to a woman flatteringly about her dress. Before he knows it (if he wishes particularly to please her) he has swamped himself in some sort of statement that rouses either her ridicule, her surprise, or both.

In matters of charity it is the same as in matters of social import. Everything that Mrs. So-and-So gives to the poor is pronounced inadequate, meagre, even pitifully mean. Hosts of applicants are forever besieging her, and it is quite credible that she gives with a generous hand from Monday till Saturday, from morning till night. But unless she endows a hospital or builds an asylum or founds a public library, no one pays heed to her beneficence. When she signs her name to a check for one thousand dollars everybody (and especially those persons whose institutions profit by it) cannot refrain from regrets and sneers that it was not two. If it had been two thousand they would all have sighed and grumbled because it was not three. Hundreds of begging letters come to her every week. She cannot answer them all personally, and some it would be undignified for her to notice with a single line. She employs a secretary, and those who are favored with responses through this epistolary medium scowl and frown at her "arrogance."

When Christmas comes enormities of liberality are expected of her. She dispenses with lavish hand; but no one is satisfied, from the lowly scullion in her kitchen to the haughty head butler above stairs. They have all expected "more," and they have all convinced themselves that they ought certainly to receive "more." They do not dare to grumble, but she sees in their faces that they would grumble if they dared.

Then there are the poor relations. Inevitably the opulent Mrs. So-and-So has her horde of poor relations. If she should give each of them a million they would not be satisfied, and she has gradually grown to realize this pregnant truth. She learns of their dissatisfactions and their ingratiations, not directly from any one of them, but from what they babble and gossip to her about the dissatisfactions and ingratiations of one another.

As she ages it is a terrible yet undeniable fact that she feels her future life watched and calculated upon by expectant heirs. There may not be the faintest hint of any brutally avaricious disclosure; but subtle hints will come to her, all the more poignant, very often, because so decorously furtive. If she has become really an old rich lady, and has lost much of that sensitiveness

ONCE A WEEK.

to outward impressions which our declining years will sometimes mercifully impart, she is all the more to be felicitated on this account. But if, as not seldom happens, she has lost none of her earlier susceptibility to emotions of genuine suffering, then woe betide her, poor rich old lady, in her physical decrepitude and decay! Kindness and sympathy may bring her cheer: happily this lenitiveness is not seldom allowed her. But often, nevertheless, with enfeebled body and mind, she is called upon to realize all too acutely, and through pangs of severest poignancy, the pathos of being rich!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

SONG.

WHEN the opal dew-drops trickle
And the winds brush by,
When the moon's a silver sickle
In the sky—
Over the lawn, love,
Come like the dawn, love,
Others may be fickle, love,
But never thou and I!
When the birds have sung their psalter
And no breeze is nigh,
When the sun's a blazing altar
In the sky—
Under the moon, love,
Come like the June, love,
Other faiths may falter, love,
But never thou and I!

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

WHILE our Government is not perfect, the spirit and intent of our national Constitution was to place all men on an equality before the law and to grant equal opportunities to all. And under its provisions the whole people, with the exception of a brief interval, have been satisfied to abide loyally by the will of the majority. But from time to time, and with increasing frequency in recent years, has the power of money been exerted in legislation so as to produce laws which, though apparently fair and just on their face, really operate to discriminate in favor of one class against another. Such occurrences have furnished the pretext for the formation, within the past two decades, of several political parties, ostensibly in the interest of labor, which, the promoters maintained, was invariably the sufferer at the hands of the law.

All of these parties have been more or less Socialistic in their tendency, some advocating radical changes in the Constitution, others proposing almost a complete transformation of the Government, substituting in the place of existing republican institutions a sort of communistic commonwealth, with Government control extended to many things now conducted by private enterprise. The spirit of unrest and discontent, which has evolved these organizations, is not an evanescent vagary, but, rather, a potential reality, and it cannot be ridiculed out of existence. For, while none of these outside parties has attained, as yet, sufficient power to effect any change in government, one of them has become a dominating force in two or three Western States, and is already represented in both branches of the National Legislature. In 1892 the co-called Peoples' party polled an aggregate of over one million votes and gained Presidential Electors in six States. As the majority of the members of this party are probably native Americans, some idea may be formed of the spread of Socialistic views in this country; for, while the Populists disclaim any affiliation with Socialism, their principles are largely in accord with the teachings of the founder of the most pronounced school of Socialistic thought.

Practically, all forms of Socialism are inimical to our Government, as at present administered; but the greatest danger to republican institutions lies in those organizations which depend to a large extent upon the ballot for propagating their theories. Though the violent types of Socialists, who ignore the ballot and would resort to force, are readily held in check by the strong arm of the law, no law exists—nor can there be any—to prevent the moderate school from going before the people in advocacy of their alleged reforms. And they are granted a full hearing, and have their votes counted, even though they propose, as does one party, the abolition of the Presidency.

Webster defines the word "Socialism" as "a theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed." To say the least, this definition is rather vague. Up to the present time the majority of the people have not been convinced that the social "arrangement" advocated by any school of Socialism would be more orderly or harmonious than that which prevails. On the contrary, it is a very general opinion that the theories of most of them, if logically carried out, would eventually bring about a state of disorder much less satisfactory than the present *imperfect* condition of society. Socialism is paraded in this country under a number of other names, including Anarchism, Communism, Populism, Nationalism, etc. That form of Socialism which has made the greatest advance is State Socialism, exemplified more or less fully in the platforms of the Socialist Labor party and the Populist or Peoples' party. It was founded by Karl Marx, a German-Jew, and is described, briefly, as "the doctrine that the affairs of men should be managed by the government, regardless of individual choice."

The Socialist Labor party, whose members are more commonly referred to as "Socialists," has hitherto been chiefly confined to New York State, and its strength as a political organization is shown by a total vote of barely more than twenty thousand, nearly all of whom are Germans. The doctrines of State Socialism have been more or less fully elaborated in its national platforms, both in respect of its social and political demands. Nor will a consideration of the claims of the Populists show that they materially differ from those of the Socialists. The general demands of both platforms are so nearly identical that either a Populist or a Socialist might easily vote the other's ticket without hurting his conscience or his cause.

Anarchism is another form of Socialism, whose ad-

herents insist is "the only true Socialism." The majority of so-called Socialists, however, do not countenance Anarchism. The lexicographers make Anarchy synonymous with political confusion. Anarchists say that it means just the reverse. Benjamin B. Tucker, one of the most prominent disciples of this school and a prolific writer on Socialistic topics, defines Anarchism as "the doctrine that all the affairs of men should be managed by individuals or voluntary associations, and that the State should be abolished."

Modern Anarchism was founded by Pierre J. Proudhon, a Frenchman. Its principles, however, were enunciated in this country at almost the same time by Josiah Warren, a descendant of the Warren who fell at Bunker Hill. Both of these men, to quote Mr. Tucker, "in prosecuting their search for justice to labor, came face to face with the obstacle of class monopolies; they saw that these monopolies rested on Authority, and concluded that the thing to be done was not to strengthen this Authority, and thus make monopoly universal, but to uproot Authority and give full sway to the opposite principle, Liberty, by making competition, the antithesis of monopoly, universal."

It would involve too much detail to attempt to explain, in full, the position of the Anarchists on questions of sociology. Many of their ideas are so absurd as to merit no serious consideration from sensible people. Yet not a few of their theories contain more than a grain of logic, to say naught of their ingenuity.

The business depression of the past year, with the resultant hard times and suffering among the poor, has furnished Socialists of all schools a favorable opportunity to spread their theories. It is not unnatural for the laboring man to believe that the world is, somehow, out of joint when he can get no work and his children are crying for bread. But, viewing the situation in its worst light—and surely no worse times have been experienced in many a year—it is doubtful if many of those upon whom poverty bears most heavily would turn to these theorists with the confident hope that any better condition of affairs could be effected through their plans.

No one can justly claim that this or any other mundane Government is perfect. Our Constitution, when framed, contemplated equality before the law and justice to all. With advancing years changes have been found necessary. In these latter days many of the people complained of have crept in. Public power is doubtless abused and prostituted. Man's innate avarice has entered legislative halls and succeeded in passing laws by which large fortunes have been amassed by the few at the expense of the many. The statute books often present records of class legislation; but, thanks to the wisdom of our forefathers, the remedy is in our own hands. Corrupt officials are not so far removed from the people but that an end may be put to their doings, and this generally happens—though dishonesty sometimes evades its fate longer than it should. The sovereign will of the people of the United States is still the supreme law of the land, and it must assert itself to protect the poorest and humblest citizen. In spite of all its present defects, few Americans will assert that, on the whole, their Government is not a good Government, or one which they would exchange for any other on earth. In spite of all the gigantic monopolies and great social inequalities, where is the native American, who, poor though he be, would forget the love of wife and children and accept "voluntary association"; who would stifle all ambition to rise by honest effort to higher planes; to become rich, if you will; in short, to surrender all those blessings vouchsafed to him under republican institutions and welcome as a substitute Anarchy—without law, without a God, without family ties, but with "freedom"?

No! If there has been one defect in our Government more patent than another in recent years it has been that it granted too much spurious and factitious "freedom!" Our gateways have been opened to people from all quarters of the world. While many honest and industrious immigrants have sought our shores with them have crowded in the depraved, the vicious and the criminal in large numbers, and, once here, they have sown the seeds of discord and used their most vigorous endeavors to destroy the government which shelters them. It would have been infinitely better if some actual discrimination had been exercised and immigration had been restricted. Our flagrant laxity in this regard will descend like a curse to our children's children.

LEON MEAD.

HORSE-TRADING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

IT is customary for farmers to congregate in small towns and cities through the South to trade horses. These meetings are held the first Monday of every month of the year. Very often a farmer will travel for fifteen and twenty miles to exchange his horse or mule for another and a little money to boot.—(See page 4.)

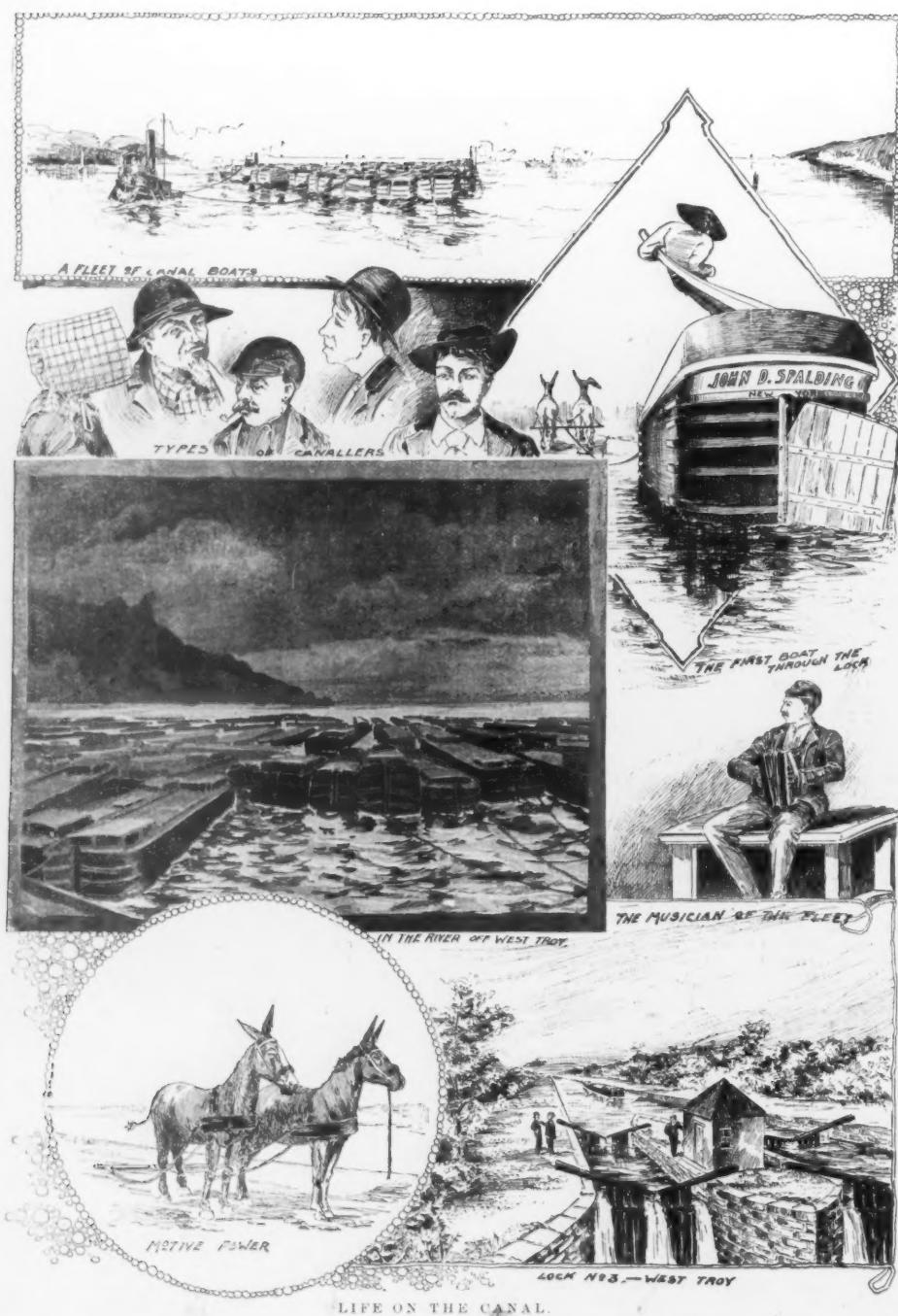
THE CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY.

THE map of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad is one of the wonders of the age. The "Q" does not go everywhere, but it will let you off not very far from almost anywhere west and northwest and southwest of Chicago. I called it a map of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. By that is not meant that this great railroad owns, or tries to own, the earth out there. It is simply a most thoroughly organized common-carrier corporation, and is so popular with the traveling public and so often spoken of by travelers that they call it the "Q" road for short. It is believed by many to be the best equipped and pleasantest railroad in the world to travel over. If you go West over this line, no matter how far, you will get there. If you wish to hear further, drop a line to Mr. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Acres—"Young man, do you realize that you are trying to take my only child from me?"

Waite—"Yes, sir, of course; but you must recollect that I am not responsible for your family census."

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind, cools, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.



AT THE SEAL-FISHERIES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

SUCH profits as accrue to the hardy natives of Newfoundland who live by catching seals are dearly won through hardships and perils of a nature to make any but the bravest men quail. Storm and shipwreck, cold, hunger and a cruel death, are the dangers they habitually face when setting out on a sealing expedition. The weather can never be depended upon in that stormy region, nor is its violence always an unmixed evil. It is reported that during the recent disastrous storms which worked havoc among the fleet of sealers at the fisheries, the northeast winds, blowing with violence, sent myriads of seals up the bay, where they were easily taken by fishermen on the shore. The illustration published herewith shows the men, aided by their wives and children, engaged in the work of killing and hauling the seals to shore. Even this operation is attended with great dangers, as was proved in a melancholy way

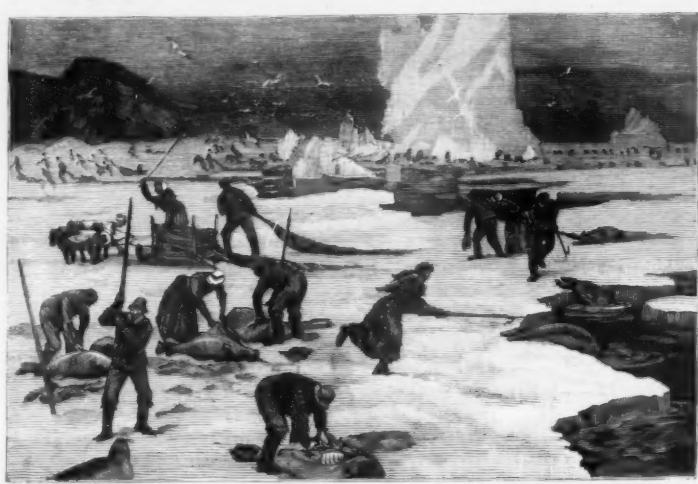
by a harrowing accident to a party of nine fishers. While they were fishing from the ice near the shore the wind suddenly changed and bore them away from the mainland. They made a desperate effort to reach the shore but, being unsuccessful, were condemned to pass the night on the ice. They suffered fearfully from cold; some of them slipped into the water in the dark, and after being rescued by their companions their wet clothes froze to their bodies, producing the greatest imaginable discomfort. One man, named Richard Parsons, had his two little sons with him, both of whom perished from exposure. The father himself was in a low state when the party was rescued on the following morning. He had almost denuded himself of clothing in his efforts to save the lives of his children. The illustration gives an idea of the terrible situation of these unfortunate.

On the other hand, there are some very successful expeditions which more than compensate the poor fishers for the risks they run. One steamship, the *Hope*, recently arrived from the fishery at St. John's carrying a cargo of seventeen thousand prime young harp-seals. The value of a seal to the fisherman is about three dollars, and one man has been known to take as many as one hundred and fifty in a few days; hence there is a bright as well as a dark side to this industry of the Northern Seas.

Made of Money — The foreigner's fiancee.
The Rule of Three — For one to retire.



SEAL HUNTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND — THE FINDING OF PARSONS AND ONE OF HIS SONS, WHO HAD GONE ADRIFT ON AN ICE FLOE.



MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN CAPTURING SEALS DRIVEN ASHORE BY STRESS OF WEATHER AT GREEN BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE FIN DE SIECLE GIRL.

As down to meet the era's dead
Our era goes with treasures laden,
What is the best of all it bears?
A fair and free Manhattan maiden.

Not as the Boston maid is she
A mine of deepest erudition,
And yet she knows a thing or two
That's not in the Revised Edition.

Of Wagner's loudest numbers she
Can give a free interpretation,
And still for Paderewski keep
Her highest need of admiration.

Dry facts, details of loss and gain,
On her red lips become five graces,
And landed values she can quote
As freely as the price of laces.

Beneath her stylish hat is stored
All forms of new and ancient knowledge,
And Hymns of Home gayly mix
With latest "Hints from Cooking College."

The eyes that into raptures glow
While poring o'er a Browning sonnet,
Can also quite ecstatic grow
While gazing on a Paris bonnet.

And as she passes down the years
With jaunty step and smile Elysian,
You'll ransack all the ages through
Nor find so sweet and fair a vision.

— ELEANOR R. COX.

THE MERCHANT OF KILLOGUE.

WITH the next number of ONCE A WEEK will be published a new novel entitled, "The Merchant of Killogue," by F. M. Allen, the author of "Thro' Green Glasses." The scene of the story, as the title suggests, is laid in Ireland, presumably the South. Perhaps in no other country in the world does the life in small towns and villages offer to the novelist such fruitful material for his pen, such a variety of characters, and so many dramatic possibilities as in the little Green Isle. Mr. Allen, appreciating this fact, has conscientiously studied the people and places he proposed to portray in the "Merchant of Killogue." That he possesses the knack, or, rather, the art of conveying his impressions to others in a vivid and forcible manner, any reader will testify after perusing his novel. It leaves one the richer by a whole set of interesting new acquaintances, and Killogue itself becomes a well-defined memory, as if one had actually lived in it and witnessed the exciting events which Mr. Allen has described with so much graphic clearness.

There are two election scenes in the novel which are capitally done, and which should prove excellent entertainment to politicians and their active followers. "The Merchant of Killogue" is not a novel of the sentimental, introspective order, but is a cleverly drawn picture of Irish village-life, with its rivalries, political excitements, and, in this instance, tragedies. It will, perhaps, be more popular with men than with the opposite sex, if it be not now an offense to insinuate that the interests of both are not identical. In any event, the reader, male or female, who takes up the "Merchant of Killogue" expecting to while away an hour's leisure over its pages, will have no reason to regret the selection.

HARD ON ASTOR.

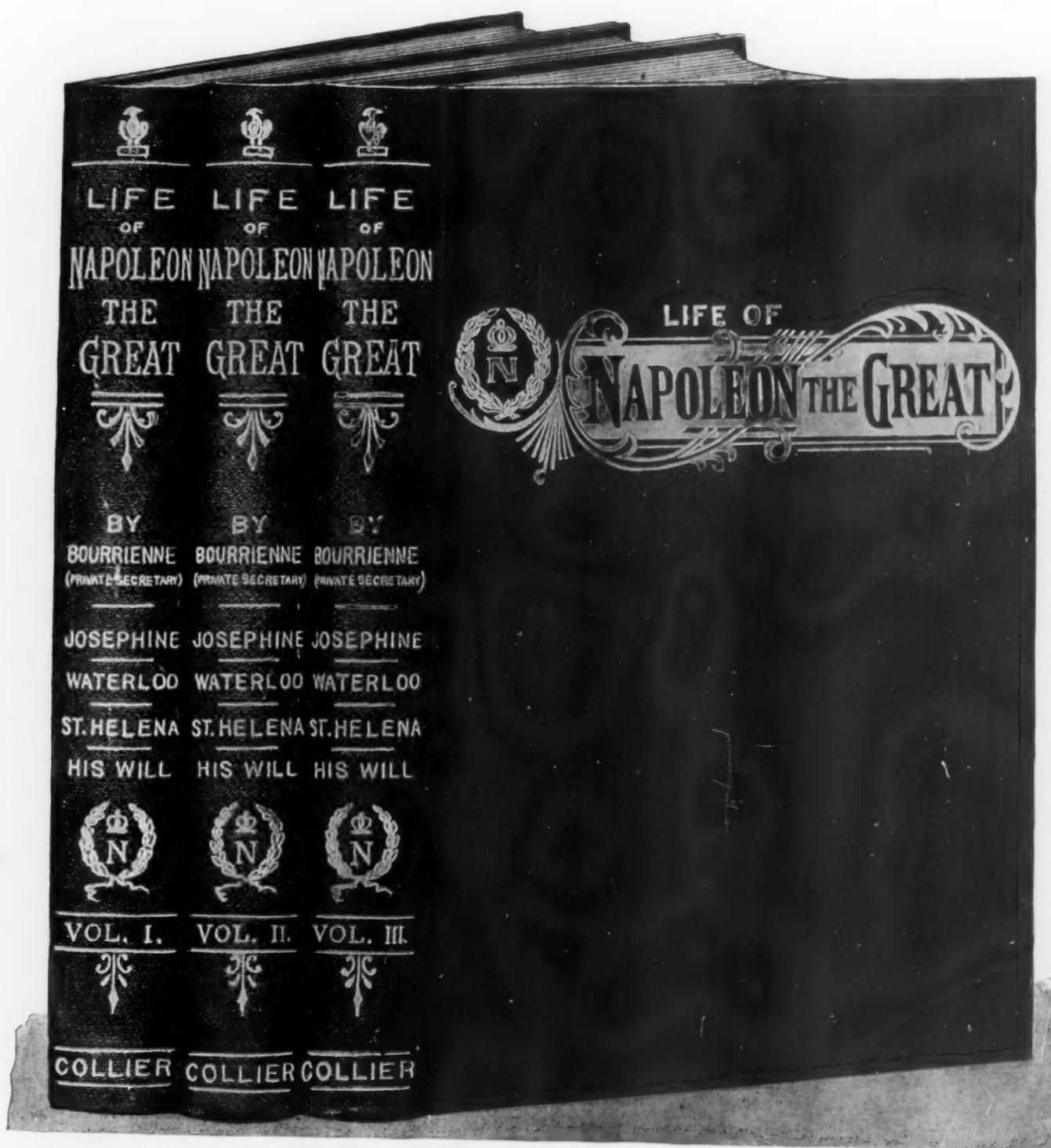
SOMEBODY, writing to *Labouchere's Truth*, uses the following language about W. W. Astor, late of New York:

"Mr. W. W. Astor has contributed an article to the *Pall Mall Magazine* in which he displays a singular ignorance of the subject on which he writes. Mr. Astor asserts that Shakespeare could not have written his plays on account of his surroundings at Stratford and elsewhere, being apparently unaware that (1) Ben Jonson, Shakespeare's contemporary, never hinted any doubts on the subject; (2) that Shakespeare's authorship was never denied when the first folio was published and dedicated to Lord Pembroke; (3) that no claimant to the authorship of the plays was ever mentioned during the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. Mr. Astor evidently knows nothing of the state of English society at that period, nor of the educational condition of the people. The gem of the article is the complacent statement that 'the first twenty years of Shakespeare's life were evidently spent without books, among illiterate people, in the narrow streets of a squalid village.' Upon what grounds does Mr. Astor assert this, considering that there is not a particle of evidence of how or where Shakespeare spent his early life?"

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THE ABOVE WILL BE PRESENTED AS A PREMIUM with a year's subscription to ONCE A WEEK and its SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY: \$6.50; payable \$1.00 on delivery, balance at rate of 50 cents monthly, collected at Subscriber's address.

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DRESS NOVELTIES FOR JUNE.

THE bicycle has safely passed through its preliminary stages of universal criticism and discredit. Helped on by the hardy patronage of those independent people whom nobody knows, it has survived the numerous assaults made upon its character, its beauty and its utility, and is now coming victoriously to the front, surrounded with all the prestige and halo of a popular fad. It is no longer a secret that men and even women who are

is reproduced on this page. I know not what you will think of it. It struck me as being—well, a little too much so, don't you know; but when I shook my head and said: "Oh, no; I couldn't possibly," she regarded me with severe contempt, and said it was the very latest and most approved design. The very name of it—the "Lord & Taylor" cycling costume—speaks for its correctness, she said, and that partially convinced me; for I am prone to regard anything as half-marked that bears the name of that celebrated firm. So, suppressing a momentary vision of myself entering my native village clad in this wise and astride a

from it. The other yachting suit is of white duck, with a sailor hat covered with the same material. The edge of the hat-brim is bound with navy-blue ribbon, and the necktie is also navy-blue. A natty little tennis costume is of figured piqué, with a vest of black moire silk, folded under the jacket shawl-fashion, the ends brought through at the waist-line. A pink shirt, black tie and a white straw hat are worn with this costume.

It is not too soon to think of bathing costumes, as within a few weeks, at least,



"seen" in society, as the French put it, are practicing the perilous art of cycling, and that, ere long, the highest ambition of the young people of both sexes in the best sets will be to make "wheels go round" in the most approved fashion.

Central Park is the great vantage ground for cyclists in New York, and, indeed, there is no denying that a spin through its green and shady drives, in the quiet and freshness of these delicious June mornings, is a privilege most ardently to be sought and coveted. I confess that, though I have not yet overcome my feminine prejudices against the manly garb which one must wear a-wheeling, nor screwed my courage to the sticking-point of mounting the giddy eminence of a bicycle, I frequently follow with envious eyes the merry-looking lads and lasses that flash by me in my daily walks, and occasionally catch myself audaciously considering the possibility of going and doing likewise.

Having mentioned the subject to Alice Mitchell, she went prowling round the shops in search of a suitable cycling costume. The one she liked the best of all

wheel, while the friends of my youth stared aghast, I concluded to present the novelty to my readers, in good faith, and invite their comments on its ortho-

those of us who can get there shall be flopping about in the briny waves, forgetting the very name of trouble. Some of these designs are rather festive-looking, but they are undeniably pretty. The first is of black alpaca, trimmed with a black flat braid. The skirt is about two yards wide, and has a box-plait in front. The waist and trouserettes are in one, the little skirt being buttoned on underneath the belt, so that it can easily be removed in the water when the bather wishes to swim. Of course, this supposes a maid in attendance to hold the discarded portion of the costume until her mistress is ready to come ashore. The cap is of light yellow oil-skin, or rubber. The stockings, which may be of silk or cotton, have cork soles, which do away with the necessity for shoes. The second costume is of black storm serge, with box-plaited skirt, and waist trimmed with black or white braid. The sleeves are short puffs. A naval Tam O'Shanter of the same material as the dress may be worn with this costume. The third bathing-suit is of navy-blue serge, trimmed with white wool braid, the full waist gathered into a pointed yoke, held close to the figure by a belt. The skirt is fastened on the side. The cap is of serge, with a white cord. Jersey bathing-suits are no longer worn, except by children.



doxy. The material used to carry out this design is light-weight gray or tan serge. The Eton coat has a rolling collar, which is continued down below the waist-line. The coat is held close to the figure by an ingenious arrangement of the belt, which passes round the waist outside at the back, and is slipped through the side-seams, fastening with a buckle in front. The skirt is fastened down the side, and held trimly to the Eton coat by buttoned tabs to prevent "riding up." The trouserettes, gaiters, and naval Tam O'Shanter, or walking-hat, are all made of the same material. Any shirt-waist of linen, lawn or silk can be worn with this gown.

The other costumes worked into the group with the *bicycliste* were also seen at Lord & Taylor's, and are worthy of notice. The delightful little yachting costume is of navy-blue storm serge, with a bodice of butter-colored silk mull. The revers of the jacket are faced with light-blue silk. A sash of dark-blue moire silk is knotted in front, and holds the jacket down to the waist-line in the back, ending in loops and long ends, as shown in the back view of the figure. The naval Tam O'Shanter has a crown of the serge, the brim being navy-blue straw, with black quills standing up

I hope my readers share my predilection for Tuscan chip-hats. The one I am showing this week is a large shape, with a high pottle crown and a lace-lined brim. The trimmings consist of a green satin rosette, lilac, and foliage. That pretty bonnet is in coarse yellowish straw, with a crinkled brim, lined with a flounce of white tulle. It is trimmed with white ribbon rosettes and purple primulas, with foliage. I borrowed these two charming examples of millinery from the London *Queen* to show you what our English cousins are wearing. In the matter of gowns, they can also occasionally show us something pretty, though, as a rule, their styles are too stiff and severe to suit the American taste. I think you will agree with me that the accompanying group is composed of altogether satisfactory designs, both as to grace and novelty. That boating-dress has *chic* stamped all over it. It is made of dark-red serge over a petticoat of black and white striped flannel, the bodice being of flannel and the coat of serge. The coat is made to wear with a shirt and tie, and the bodice—made somewhat in the form of a common or garden-sweater, shaped at the top and outlined with black braid—can be dispensed with when the weather is warm. Black buttons on either side of the skirt give it a smart finish. I think that, carried out in navy-blue and white, this costume would be simply perfect.

The dainty toilet-de-visé is of black crepon, made in the newest fashion with drapery on the hips, graduated down to a point in the centre of the front, where it is tied with a bow of black ribbon. The lace used for trimming is cream-colored. The evening-dress, also black, has a most convincing chiffon bodice, draped in full folds to overhang a belt of cream-color



embroidery, showing a vest of cream-color embroidery at the top, with full puffed sleeves, striped with ribbons, tied up at the shoulder into a bow, and a large bunch of lilac set at one side of the décolletage. Black and cream combinations have become the liver of well-dressed women. One sees nothing else, and though the fashion has been in all winter, we seem not to tire of it in the least. I fell in love with a "pinafore blouse," of which there is a picture here, made of black spotted net, and edged with cream-lace insertion. It fastens on the shoulders, is caught at the waist with a black watered silk sash, and then hangs, handkerchief-fashion, in points at the back and front. The watered silk sleeves are attached to the underbodice, the "pinafore" being sleeveless, so that it can be worn with any gown.

Is not this enough of "vanities" for this week? And, anyhow, it is time for "tiffin," and I am hungry.

Gwendolen Gay

Ethel Knox—"George asked me your age last night."

Miss Sears—"Well?"

Ethel Knox—"I didn't know, except that you were twenty-two on your thirtieth birthday."

A Burning Question—Where's the fire-escape?



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cess and usefulness in the treatment of all nervous
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the public should be informed why it has become a
fixed fact among the medical phenomena of this century,
and why it will remain so. The chief reason is
that the physicians employed are qualified by training, education,
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With their treatment it will be wise for the afflicted to
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In recognition of the pre-eminent skill of the chief
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gold and jeweled medal, accompanied by a series of
flattering resolutions for the prize essay ("The Science
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the presentation was not at the time of its occurrence,
not only by the Boston press, but by all leading
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William H. Parker, M.D., may be consulted in person
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SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

TO COLOR FLOWERS WITH CIGAR-ASHES.

If you happen to be smoking a cigar
while walking in a garden, touch the hot
petals of any red flower with the hot
ashes and you will see it curiously trans-
formed by the appearance of very regular
blue or green spots wherever the ashes
have come in contact with its surface.
This curious phenomenon was discovered
by a French scientist, who accidentally
touched a large red petunia with a lighted
cigar and was amazed to see the spot turn



a vivid green. The explanation is that
the combustion of tobacco produces an
alkali which destroys the color of a
flower, turning it into a greenish hue
similar to that obtained by introducing
potash into the syrup of violets, a common
experiment.

By making symmetrical discolorations

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that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the
United States that would like to try my World-renowned
FACE BLEACH; but have been kept from doing so on ac-
count of the price, which is \$2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles
taken together. I am therefore offering all of you ladies
that have the opportunity, I will give to every caller, absolutely free during this month, a sample bottle, and in
order to supply those living outside of the city, or in
any part of the world, I will send it safely packed, plain
water, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25¢, silver or
stamp."

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on the petals of a flower an appearance
is produced which, to the uninitiated,
looks like a strange and superb variety
of the species. An old lady who was
presented with a flower thus altered was
so much taken with it that she evinced
great anxiety to obtain seeds of this new
and wonderful plant, the like of which
she had never before seen.

Roses, hortensias, clover, violets and
other flowers may be similarly treated.
Some, as the pelargonium, turn blue,
and white roses turn yellow. But yellow
flowers do not change their hue at all.

MANOEUVERING OUR BATTLESHIPS.

N manœuvring a modern battleship, the torpedo plays an important part. To many of us it means a power that, under favorable circumstances, could blow the strongest battleship into fragments. But at the outset it has to run the chance of being riddled by revolving cannon, or, should it escape that fate, it would very likely be caught in the ship's torpedo-netting, where the rapid-fire guns would have it at their mercy. But yet again, under cover of a dense smoke, the enemy might be able to launch a torpedo unobserved, and the chances are the first one would be set to blow up the netting, while the second torpedo would enter the break and destroy the ship. Still again, at the beginning of its journey it might be observed by a torpedo-boat, which, overhauling it, would be able to swerve it out of its course, and finally capture it, taking the chances of being itself destroyed. The torpedo of our illustration is a cigar-shaped submarine boat, provided with a propeller and an engine, driven by compressed air, stored in the torpedo's interior, the machinery taking up two-thirds of the room, while the exploding charge takes the remainder of the structure's forward end, with a percussion cap on the extreme point. In order to start a torpedo on its course it is first placed in a torpedo tube, as our illustration shows, when the breech is closed, compressed air being let in the tube drives the torpedo out into the water with considerable force, where it commences to propel itself rapidly toward the enemy, exploding, when it strikes, with terrific violence. Curiously enough, oftentimes at night the torpedo betrays itself, leaving a foamy, phosphorescent trail, which the search-light brings out distinctly, like the *catastrophe* line on a blackboard. While, on the other hand, the *Cushing*, Uncle Sam's crack torpedo-boat, has been able to get close to our cruisers at night and get away again without detection, the electric search-lights utterly failing to disclose her presence, owing to the *Cushing's* coat of dark sea-green paint.

The turret of our illustration shows the thirteen-inch, sixty-ton rifles in service. Their breech mechanism is especially noticeable. Formerly removing the breech block of a large gun required several operations and two strong men. Now the gunner's mate may simply turn a crank; presto! the breech block unscrews itself, runs out on a carrier, locks itself safely on, and the carrier is swung, with the breech plug on it, to one side ready for loading. The eleven hundred-pound shot is hoisted through the ammunition tube, with the five hundred and fifty-pound charge of powder, by hydraulic lifts, rammed into the gun by a telescopic rammer, the breech block is locked in again, and the gun is ready to aim. As the rifle is nicely balanced, a small hydraulic jack controls the elevation and depression. The distance of the enemy from the ship is known as soon as the enemy can be seen through a glass, or sextant, at the mast head, which information is given to the ship's gunners, who make the sight-bars on the guns register accordingly. At a half-mile the eleven hundred-pound shots penetrate easily an armor two feet thick, while throwing shell nine or ten miles would be play.

Our illustration shows the *Indiana*, one of our most formidable battleships, as her forward deck will look when cleared for action. Sometimes it happens a ship is painted dull fog-color in the night, and the beautifully conspicuous white ship is turned into an almost unrecognizable object, which affords a poor target for the enemy's guns. While her torpedo-boats are on duty the small boats have been submerged on the harbor side. The torpedo-nettings have been stretched around the ship, her deck gear stowed below, the engine-room gratings closed — splinter netting over her woodwork — while the exposed places are barricaded with bundled awnings and hammocks. The ship's sharpshooters are ordered to the military masts, where they pick off the enemy's officers and gunners at close quarters, while her furnace fires, lashed by a powerful forced draught into a terrific roar, sound like the warning growl of a tigress before she springs. — (See page 8.)



By "A BLUE APRON."

A DISH OF EGGS.—Here is a nice way of preparing eggs: Take either an enameled dish or a gratin dish, and butter it thoroughly. Prepare some chopped shallots, parsley and savory herbs and a few bread crumbs; sprinkle these into the dish, with the addition of pepper and salt. Allow the dish to become quite hot, break as many eggs as you wish to prepare into a cup, and carefully, without breaking them, slide them on to the dish. Cover the eggs lightly with another layer of the mixed herbs, and add little pieces of butter on the top. Bake the eggs about ten minutes

in the oven. Just before serving, squeeze a little lemon-juice over the dish. This is a very savory little dish, and a pleasant change from the ordinary way of frying or baking eggs.

TUTTI FRUTTI JELLY.—Soak half a box of gelatin in half a pint of cold water. Dissolve with one pint of boiling water, add the juice of three lemons and one and one-half cups of sugar. Strain the liquid. When it begins to stiffen, put a layer of jelly in a dish, then a layer of sliced bananas, another of jelly, one of sliced oranges, one of jelly and one of grated coconut, and finish with jelly.

POTATO FLOUR CAKES.—Mix and beat until quite light the following ingredients: Two ounces of butter beaten to a cream, three ounces of potato flour, four ounces of powdered loaf sugar, one large egg, beaten with a tablespoonful of cream, and two tablespoonfuls of well-washed and dried currants or finely-chopped raisins. When quite smooth and light, drop into small buttered tins, and bake in a quick oven for ten or twelve minutes.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS.—Grate very finely two ounces of vanilla-flavored chocolate, add one ounce of icing sugar and a tablespoonful of water; stir over the fire till boiling, then simmer for a few minutes; whip up the whites of four eggs till quite stiff, mix in five ounces of caster sugar and one ounce of very finely chopped almonds (these almonds must be thoroughly dried after blanching), stir lightly to the chocolate mixture, then force it through a forcing bag with plain pipe in small cakes on a baking tin heated and rubbed over with good white wax. Bake in a cool oven, and when nearly done place on each some slivers of blanched almonds.

THE decree recently issued by the French Government forbidding its officials to marry foreigners without first obtaining permission of the Government, does not seem to have checked the aspirations of said officials toward union with the fair daughters of America. A marriage has just been solemnized between Miss Susan A. King, daughter of Mrs. J. McGregor Adams of Chicago, to Francois Edmund Bruwaert, Consul-General of France and officer of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Bruwaert was Consul in New York in 1885, and was afterward sent to Pekin, China. He has been Consul-General at Chicago since 1888.

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of New York, Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital.

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of the greatest service in increasing the quantity of urine and in eliminating the albumen."

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